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# The Pacific.

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WHOLE No. 1565.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., APRIL 5, 1882.

VOL. XXXI. . . No. 14

### "These Men See the Works of the Lord, and His Wonders in the Deep."

I.  
Hearken, Father! strong to save,  
Whose arm hath bled the restless wave,  
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep  
Its own appointed limits keep;  
Oh hear us when we cry to thee  
For those in peril on the sea.

II.  
O Christ! whose voice the waters heard,  
And hushed their raging at thy word,  
Who walk'st on the foaming deep,  
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;  
Oh hear us when we cry to thee  
For those in peril on the sea.

III.  
Most Holy Spirit! who didst brood  
Upon the chaos dark and rude,  
And bid its angry tumult cease,  
And give, for wild confusion, peace;  
Oh hear us when we cry to thee  
For those in peril on the sea.

IV.  
O Trinity of love and power!  
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;  
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,  
Protect them whereso'er they go;  
Thus evermore shall rise to thee  
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

### GOSPEL MEETINGS.

FRIDAY, MARCH 31ST.

This, the last evening meeting of the series in the Presbyterian church in Hayes Valley, was very solemn. At no time during these months of the meetings has such a tender interest been manifested as at the after testimony meeting of this evening, when a very large number of men, women and children briefly testified to their acceptance of the Lord Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour. Some had accepted Him years ago; some during the two weeks of the meetings in that church, and some then and there for the first time.

Major Whittle took for his subject, "The Precious Blood of Christ," 1 Pet. i: 19. He said: "What does His blood mean to you? By the way we regard the blood do we show the state of our hearts? To every true Christian the blood of Christ is precious. If you pay such attention as you should to this subject, you can be saved to-night."

Why is the blood of Christ precious? Because of Him whose is the blood, He was the Son of God. When you realize who Jesus was, that blood is precious. There is the law of equivalents; He the Holy One is overequivalent. He satisfies the demands of the law; He makes the law honorable; He secures all that the government of a holy God requires; His blood is more precious than the blood of a world full of sinners.

The blood of Christ may not be precious in the sight of men. It once was not precious to me. I could have laughed and scoffed at the presentation of this subject. I tremble when I think how I regarded and how men regard the blood of Christ. But it is not what man thinks of the blood, but how God regards it. If I should receive word to-night that some one who hated me had shot my little boy over at San Rafael—and that was why men killed Jesus, because they hated God—if I should hear this of my boy, and should see his blood flowing from the bullet hole, how precious his blood would be to me, and how precious is the blood of Jesus to his father.

The death of Christ shows how men hate God, and it also shows how God loves men. God gave his only begotten and well-beloved son, and that son willingly came. The Scriptures were thus fulfilled, that thus he should come. But how precious in God's sight was the willingness of his son.

How grand are men, in the estimation of the world, who perform great deeds of self-denial, who give their lives, for the good of others. But this same world has little regard for the blood of Christ, whose self-denial and devotion is grander than all.

God regards the blood of his son as most precious, and you cannot be in harmony with God unless you regard it as precious. All are sinners and under condemnation. When we are enlightened we see this, that we are sinners in thought and desire and act. Men only want to eat and drink and live without God; but when thus sinners, and condemned by the law, we are saved by Christ. Eph. i: 7. "In whom we have," already have, "redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace."

"Redemption," "forgiveness." You are to believe this; not wait to believe, but believe now. You don't believe, but think you will wait until you have some feeling on the subject, then you will make a profession and join the church. But you will never be saved until you believe; you are to believe before you pray, before you shed a tear. And then you have got it. You "have redemption through his blood." It is his blood that saves you. His blood alone, nothing else. You pawn your watch and some friend steps in and pays the amount due, and redeems the watch and hands it over to you. All you have to do is to take the watch and thank your kind and generous friend. So Christ has purchased my redemption with his blood, and what I have to do is to accept that

redemption purchased with that precious blood. Nothing that I can do can supplement the amount paid and make the redemption more perfect.

Rom. iii: 25, "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past through the forbearance of God. To declare I say at this time his righteousness, that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." Having faith in His blood we are justified. What is it to be justified? It is to be freed from sin, so that no sin shall be declared against you. "Are you a Christian?" "I hope so." But you are justified from all sin that you have or may commit. Christ hath taken it all away if you believe. Thus justified, there is nothing against you.

I also have peace through the blood. Colos. i: 20. "Having made peace through the blood of his cross." Your advice to one to make his peace with God is not good advice. Peace has already been made by Jesus Christ. A dying gift was visited by one who did not know her. He said, "Have you made your peace with God?" She said, "No. I have accepted the peace already made for me by the Lord Jesus Christ." And how much better is the peace which he makes for us. You try to feel good and to make yourself better. Give up trying and accept his peace. All you have to do is to believe in order to be redeemed and saved. 1 John i: 17. "The blood of Jesus Christ his son cleanseth us from all sin." Man's conscience demands satisfaction for sin. But the blood of Jesus satisfies, and so the burden is gone. My attitude is that of a sinner, and there is my Saviour.

His blood is precious. I shall not give way to sin that more of that blood may be shed. No, I will endeavor to keep from sin. Eph. ii: 13. "In Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ." We are as near as our representative, and Christ our representative is to-night at the right hand of God. "Five bleeding wounds he bears." His presence in heaven is evidence that he has passed through death for you, and now he is in heaven. We sing "Nearer my God to Thee," but how shall we get nearer if we are now in Christ.

My friend, believe the gospel, take salvation and you have it. How do you treat the blood of Christ? You would not spit on the floor at Washington on which is the blood of President Garfield. You would not laugh in the face of a father mourning for his son. But how do you treat the blood of Christ? Have you neglected or despised this salvation? I beg you in Christ's name to come to him now. It is of no use for you to talk of your respect for the Bible or the Church, or for Jesus Christ. You will be lost if you do not trust in the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. Believe, and that will work in you all that you ought to feel and do. Believe, and the power of God will work in your soul. Why only blind and be condemned? Why go on in blindness and mysticism? Infidelity can do nothing for you. We testify to you that this is a reality. The spirit of God does come upon those who believe. This is our testimony after this preaching. I hope that to all of you the precious blood of Jesus is precious.

SUNDAY, APRIL 2ND.

This was the first meeting by these Evangelists in Grace M. E. church on Mission street, near 18th street. This church and the Third and Bethany Congregational churches, Howard St. Presbyterian, and the Fifth Baptist are uniting in this series of meetings at the "Mission." The evening was stormy, but the house was packed. The pastor of the church, Rev. Mr. Needham, with Revs. Beckwith, Pond and Fiske, occupied seats upon the platform.

Major Whittle spoke from Heb. ii: 3. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" It is the part of wise men to look ahead. Man differs from other creatures in that God has given him the power of forethought. A wise business man will plan for the future; a wise general will forecast the results of the battle. God addresses this faculty here. How shall we escape? God offers salvation; many neglect—they do not examine, and despise and reject, but neglect. God's word is, If you continue thus to do, how shall you escape. This salvation is great.

1. Because of its source. It "began to be spoken by the Lord." The Lord Jesus began to preach it, and "it was confirmed unto us by them that heard him, God also bearing them witness, both with signs and wonders, and with divers miracles and gifts of the Holy Ghost." That is the fountain-head of this salvation. The Holy Spirit with the word, endorsing the word. Have you anything better than this to rest upon? Infidels say there has been no better man than Jesus, and we don't believe that such an one would deceive us. What do you rest upon if you neglect such a salvation? Some of us this very day have followed to the grave a wife and mother whose life for more than twenty years in this city has been testimony to what a Christian can be and do and become. There to-day in the rain her body was lowered into the grave, and buried under the

sand, her Christian husband and friends firmly believing, and having such comfort in that belief, that she has gone home to God, and that they shall soon join her in that blessed home. What have you got for such a time of affliction—what better comfort—what do you rest upon? God has not left us in darkness. What a tyrant God would seem to be were there no salvation for the afflicted and dying. It is reasonable that God should give us knowledge of a life hereafter. The power of the gospel is a supernatural power.

2. This salvation is great, because of what it saves us from. It saves us from the penalty due to sin. Sin has its terrible penalty, but salvation delivers from that penalty. The gospel deals with facts, and utters facts, not theories; the gospel says, Christ bore "our sins in his own body on the tree"; he took the penalty for us.

This salvation saves us from the power of sin. This is a matter of daily experience. You are a sinner; how are you going to escape from your sins without Christ? He that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him. You have had experience of the power of sin; in your ungovernable appetites and temper, in your selfishness. These things make you and others unhappy. And then you have other worse sins and secret sins, and they are ruining you. How are you going to get rid of them? Your own resolutions fail, but this great salvation saves you from the power of sin.

3. This salvation also is great in what it cost. The price paid for anything gives us an impression of its value. They show you a diamond in the Tower of London, not so large as an English walnut, but of immense cost. We value our government when we think of the blood that has been shed to maintain it. Think what salvation cost the Lord Jesus Christ. It is a gift to you, but its cost was the precious blood of the Son of God: John iii: 16; Rom. v: 8; 1 Pet. i: 19. The blood of your child is precious to you. How precious is the blood of the Son of God to his father. There is a story of a man who was condemned by the Spanish General Murillo to be executed; his wife sent her son, a boy 14 years old, to intercede for his life. He came before the General and besought him to spare his father. "What will you give for him," he said. The boy replied, "We are poor, but we will give everything we have." "Will you give me your right ear?" "Yes, sir." "Soldier, cut it off." He did so, and there the boy stood, bleeding, expecting. "Will you give me your other ear?" "Yes, sir." "Soldier, take it off." It was done. "Now go home and tell your mother that the father of such a brave boy has got to die." O how precious was the blood of that dear, brave, loving boy to his sorrowing mother! Do you think that Gen. Murillo could ever approach or dare to speak to that mother, unless he repented of his cruel act? And can't you understand that no one can have the favor of God unless he repents of the cruel death of his only begotten and well-beloved Son? Peter said: "Repent, and save yourselves from this untoward generation." Jesus died to save us; he paid the penalty, and now salvation is free to all who will accept it. That is a great salvation that saves us from the enmity that was in you and in me until he took it away.

4. This salvation is great in that it gives us an inheritance undefiled beyond the grave. And you do not have it until you receive Christ; but when you do receive him then you have eternal life, and on the resurrection morning you shall receive a glorified body. Now what have you got better than this? You may, by an act of your will, accept this great salvation, but if you neglect it, how will you escape? Suppose a son is in prison, and a kind father gives all that he has to purchase his freedom, and he goes with the necessary papers to the prison and says: "Come with me, my boy, you are free." But the boy has come to be in love with the prison; he says he has a happy time there; and he turns a cold, ungrateful look upon his old father, and says: "I don't want to come with you; I would rather stay where I am; but you may come again by-and-by, and possibly then I will go with you." Could anything grieve that father more? The majority of the people in this city are dying in sin. You know that but few repent. And in this impenitent throng you are in terrible danger. But you continue to sin against God, and say: Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for thee. O how you dishonor God by such delay. You need not stay away another hour. Is it not a sin to hear the gospel to-night and reject it?

What a sin you commit when you neglect so great love. What a pang you bring to the heart of your earthly parent or friend if you neglect his love. You could not bear to have your love slighted. But you are slighting God's love. God don't come to you with a whip or a command, but with his great love. I was once in a hotel in New York city, when in a room near, in the night, I heard loud talking. I could not help hearing what was said. The conversation was between a naval officer and his wife; he insisted on going down stairs to drink. He went and came back, and was going again. She begged him not to go, and finally she tried to keep him from the door by putting herself in his way. I heard a blow and a fall, and then he staggered out. Oh, what a sin, and what will be the remorse? You can neglect God's love, trample it under your feet, but you will have to pay the cost. By thus doing you show what is in your heart. "They hated both me and my father." As God is just, so there is no escape if you continue to neglect; there is no other way of escape. A few years ago a man fell into the swift Niagara river near the falls; he was swept down, but caught hold of a rock, and there he held, his white face turned toward the gathering crowd. It was only a short distance from the shore, but he could not loose his hold upon the rock even to grasp a rope that might be thrown to him. A man in the crowd said, "I will give anyone \$1000 who will be tied to a rope and let down to and grasp and save him." A man consented, and was let down by strong and willing hands to him. And now suppose when he came to him and grasped him and said, "Let go and cling to me," he had replied, "Keep off; I can't hold on much longer, but I will not be saved by you." How all would have said, "Fool, fool, madman; you are lost so to neglect the offered safety." He didn't say so, but let go, and together they were drawn to the shore, and strong men wept tears of joy.

To-night the Son of God comes to you. You may be able to hold on to this life a little longer, maybe; but it is only a question of time. He says, "Let go, give up your will; let God have his way." Do you reply, "No, no, not to-night." Oh, do not thus neglect this great salvation. It ought not to be hard for you boys and girls here to-night to let go, to trust his love. Come fathers and mothers, come all, and accept the Saviour of men.

Notes by a Temperance Man.

ED. PACIFIC: After meeting with the Division of Sons of Temperance in Sacramento City which I organized ten years ago and which I found still doing a noble work, I visited Stockton, Modesto, Turlock, Merced City, Fresno, King River, Bakersfield and Los Angeles. In all these places years ago I found but little interest in temperance, but the seed was sown, and now I see the fruit—temperance hotels, temperance stores and halls, and thousands of noble workers in this reform. I had scarcely landed in Los Angeles before my old friend, Mr. Gaddy, found me and took me down some 16 miles to his beautiful home at Santa Monica. A traveler once wrote from Naples and said, "Go and see Naples and then die." But when I came to look out on the beautiful surroundings of sea, mountains and valley, I said, "Go and see Santa Monica and live to tell the world there is a paradise on earth; for nowhere around it have I seen it excelled." Yet, even here are fallen angels. Just up the valley a friend showed me the foundation of the great wine cellar and distillery of Shore & Co., \$250,000 paid up capital of the Co. as a starter. This is to be the largest establishment of the kind in the world. The products of 50,000 or 60,000 acres of this beautiful valley is to form this river of death. On either bank of the stream think of the wrecks, suicides, insanity, poverty, ignorance and destitution thence arising. Think of the little children tugging at the aching breasts of weeping and despairing wives, asking for bread in this land of plenty. Ought not men to be held responsible for this foundation of human sorrow and woe?

But we leave Brother W. D. Gould, and a host of noble workers in the Band of Hope and the Good Templars Lodges organized in these valleys by Sister E. P. Stevens, Bro. Webb and others to battle for the right, and speed on to Colton. Here one of the queens meet me and in a very short time I am introduced to a fine Lodge of Good Templars at Riverside, eight miles away. It was the occasion of the exhibition of the oranges, lemons and other semi-tropical fruits of this Temperance Colony. I call it so, for not a sample of wine or brandy or any other kind of strong drink was on exhibition. Here are beautiful orange groves, with oranges ripe one year old, and in grades all the way to the blossoms on the same tree. This large colony, in nine years, had converted a sage-brush waste and desert-looking sheep ranch into the most beautiful homes, avenues and drives, populated by a noble, warm-hearted temperance-loving people. One man I heard remark that he would not pick grapes when he knew they were to be manufactured into wine. The banker here was interviewed, who said he would never vote again for anything short of prohibition.

Leaving here, I arrived at Tucson last night. All the ministers have waived their appointments for a Union Temperance meeting in the M. E. Church. Bro. Gregory, I found a strong advocate of temperance in this run-acrossed place. From here I go to Tombstone, thence on to my work in Texas and Mexico.

Yours truly,

W. O. CLARE.

Tucson, March 24, 1882.

### The Woman's Board OF THE PACIFIC.

#### Ngasana, the Little African Girl.

Little Ngasana was sick. All day long she had been lying on the cold clay floor in her hut suffering very much. The fire in the queer little mud circle in the middle of the room had gone out long ago, and the poor scrap of a blanket, the only thing she had to cover her, would not keep off the dreadful chills. She had nothing to put under her head but a piece of hard wood, and altogether she was about as miserable a bit of humanity as we often see. Early in the morning her grandmother, with whom she lived, and all the women had gone three or four miles away to work in the fields, and the poor little thing had been left alone without a person to speak to her or do anything for her.

Oh, how long the day seemed! It was so dark in the hut that she could not tell whether the sun was coming up or going down, and the hours seemed like days. Late in the afternoon, however, to her great delight she had two visitors.

It was Gugulana, her school-teacher, and with her was a beautiful white lady. How lovely she looked with her pretty curls and such a pleasant smile. Ngasana fell in love with her at once. It was Miss M., a missionary lady whom the teacher had brought to see the sick child.

"What is the matter with this little girl?" asked Miss M., pulling down the piece of blanket; she soon saw very plainly what was the matter. One little foot was drawn up under her, and on her hip was a bad looking abscess. Ngasana had not been able to put her foot on the ground for a long time, and had hobbled about with the help of a stick. Miss M. noticed too that the child had a string around her waist so tightly that it made a crease in her flesh.

"Why do you wear that string around your waist, Ngasana?" said Miss M. "Because it makes me feel better," was the answer.

"Tell better? How can it?" "I am not so hungry when I have that on," said Ngasana.

The poor child was half starved, and she had tied the string tight around her so she need not feel the dreadful hunger pain so much. Miss M. sat by Ngasana, trying to soothe and comfort her, and by the time her grandmother and the other women came home she felt that the white lady was the best friend she had.

Night was coming on, and Miss M. rose to go. But Ngasana clung to her tightly, saying in her Zulu language, "Oh, please don't go and leave me."

"I must go," said Miss M., but she added, hesitating a little, "Would you like to go with me?"

"Go with you? Where?" asked Ngasana.

"Go home with me to be my little girl for a while. I think perhaps I can make you well," was the answer.

"To be your little girl? Oh, yes, do take me!"

"Can she go?" said Miss M., turning to the old grandmother.

"No, she can't," was the answer, "we want her where we can take care of her."

"Take care of me!" exclaimed Ngasana, "she don't take care of me; she is gone away all day. Do take me with you."

It was some time before the grandmother could be persuaded to let her go; but when Miss M. explained that she only wanted to make her well, she consented.

Ngasana's eyes shone like two stars as she watched the preparations for her to go with Miss M. It did not take long to get her ready. She had no clothes to put in order, no trunk to pack, and in a few moments she was on Miss M.'s horse, which was waiting outside.

"Oh Miss M.," she said, as they went slowly along, "if I live in your house I shall kill your sleep. Sometimes I don't sleep all night."

"We can arrange that," was the answer. "I can give you some medicine to make you sleep."

"Can you? how good that will be!" and she rode on happy and contented.

So Ngasana went for a visit with the missionary, and the visit lasted four years. As soon as she had a plenty of good food she grew better very fast. When she was strong enough, Miss M. tried to cure her lameness—to straighten the poor leg that was so drawn out of shape. The only way she could do it was to bind it upon a board, which was very painful, and Ngasana used to beg Miss M. not to do it. She seemed to think the pain was in the stick, and would say, "Oh, please don't bring that old witch to-day."

It was hard for Miss M. to do it, but in a few months the leg was as straight as the other, and Ngasana was a little lame girl no longer.

At first Ngasana was very wild and rough in her ways, but her love for the white lady grew very strong. For Miss M. she would do anything, and to please Miss M. she grew gentle and quiet and obedient. But there was one thing that this great love brought about that was not

so pleasant. She couldn't bear to have Miss M. away from her a moment. When she went out for her daily visits among the kraals Ngasana would cry and scream for a long time, and when she returned there was always a very melancholy face to greet her. Miss M. tried very hard to break her of this bad habit, but all in vain.

At last one day Miss M. was invited away for a visit, so she was obliged to send the child back to her grandmother for awhile. Ngasana had not been in the kraal many days, not more than twenty or thirty, although it seemed like years to her, she longed so much for the comfort and kindness of the missionary's home, when one afternoon she heard a familiar voice.

Could it be? Yes. It was her dear Miss M. She was coming in on her hands and knees at the low door to see her little friend. Missionaries have to stoop very low sometimes to reach the heathen children; but they remember how the Saviour came down to the earth for them, and they are willing to stoop to his little ones.

"Now, when am I coming home?" said Ngasana, as soon as the first pleasant surprise was over.

"Do you want to come?" said Miss M. "I thought you might be happier here. I remember that I used to see a very miserable little girl every time I went out. I must go out a great deal, and I don't want to see such an unhappy face when I come home."

"Oh you won't! you won't!" cried Ngasana. "I will never be unhappy any more. Do take me back." Miss M. could not resist the little pleader, and she was soon on her way back to the mission station. Ngasana kept her promise. Whenever Miss M. went out, she let her go without a word; and always greeted her with a smile when she came home.

Months went on, and Miss M. grew very fond of her little girl, but one thing troubled her. She could not make the child take any interest in the Bible or in the beautiful story of the Saviour. In the midst of what seemed to her a very interesting story, she would look up to see why Ngasana was so quiet, and would find her fast asleep, and she would often go to sleep in prayer time. You must remember that her mind had been almost asleep ever since she was born, and so had her grandmother's and mother's before her. But the mind was there, and only needed waking up, and it did wake up at last.

What do you suppose did it? It was the story of our Saviour's sufferings in the last chapters of John. She was so quiet that Miss M. looked up to see if she were asleep, but found her very wide awake, with the tears running down her face. Her soul had waked up as well as her mind. "Oh, Miss M., read so nice to-night!" she said in English, with a little tremor in her voice. After that there was never any more trouble about Ngasana's interest in the Bible. From that time there was a great change in her. She is now an earnest Christian girl in the school at Manda in South Africa. This is the way the Gospel makes over the boys and girls in heathen lands.—*Mission Dayspring.*

### Baptism of the Spirit.

"We who believe in Jesus to-day may have all the spiritual power which the Apostles enjoyed, may have it for asking, and have it now. The fire which burned in their hearts may burn in ours, and the flame which flashed from their tongues may also blaze forth from us. There is no change in God, nor in the revelation of his power. Enthusiasm will revive among our churches, and heroic self-denial and prevalent prayer will be common around us when once again believers are baptized into the Holy Ghost. Such a blessing God is willing to bestow, for Jesus has ascended. With such a blessing within our reach, we are unto us if we do not obtain it. The blood of souls will lie upon us if we live without the strength needful to save them. O for faithful and importunate prayer, by which alone this Divine blessing can be obtained! Ye Christians, awake to it! Ye ministers, lead the van!—C. H. Spurgeon.

Dr. Hough, the veterinary surgeon of the Third Avenue Railroad Company, New York City, which owns over 2,000 horses, has introduced Turkish, Russian and electric baths for the treatment of the horses of the line suffering from colds and other ailments. The results of this aristocratic regimen have been very satisfactory.

A company has been organized in Chicago, with a capital stock of \$1,000,000, for building newly-patented street-cars, which carry their own track with them, and so can run on every street. Each car holds about 50 persons, is drawn by two horses, and has four wheels of about a foot in diameter that run around the inside of two steel tires, each ten feet in diameter, which rest on the ground.

The King of Siam has decided to construct several lines of telegraph, connecting Bangkok, his capital, with the British and French lines. He also will introduce the postal system.



## The Household.

## Reminding the Hen.

"It's well I ran into the garden,"  
Said Eddie, his face all aglow;  
"For what do you think, mamma, happened?  
You never will guess it, I know."  
The little brown hen was clucking:  
"Cut-cut!" she'd say, quick as a wink;  
Then "cut-cut" again, only slower,  
And then she would stop short and think.  
"And then she would say it all over,  
She did look so mad and so vexed;  
For mamma, do you know, she'd forgotten  
The word that she ought to cluck next."  
"So I said 'Ca-daw-cut, ca-daw-cut,'  
As loud and as strong as I could,  
And she looked 'round at me very thankful;  
I tell you it made her feel good."  
"Then she flapped and said, 'Cut-cut-ca-daw-cut,'  
She remembered just how it went, then,  
But it's well I ran into the garden—  
She might never have clucked right again!"  
—St. Nicholas.

## Robert Moffat and His Mother.

Several years ago, when the Nestor of African missions was in his seventy-sixth year, I had the great pleasure of spending a long evening with him. He then told us about his mother. The veteran had addressed a large and enthusiastic meeting that evening, but his wife, instead of exhausting, seemed only to have put him in good spirits. Story after story, illustrating rascally the power of the gospel, delighted his hearers, and among others these:

"When I was home the first time, that is, in 1840, I preached in Newcastle, and was going home from church with the minister's wife. We met an old man dressed like a minister, to whom she spoke and introduced me; but I did not catch his name. He seemed anxious to talk, but the lady said, 'Come to tea, and you'll have more time to talk to Mr. Moffat'; and he said with a strong Scotch accent, 'Weel, I'll see. Sure enough when tea-time came, there was the old man, very frail and worn-out looking. He was sitting at one end of a long sofa, and I at the other; and he began to say, 'Four name, Mr. Moffat, minds me of a worthy woman that used to come to my church long ago when I was a minister at Carnonbridge. She was a very godly woman, and she always brought her son with her, a boy with a curly black head. They came into my house sometimes for books and tracts. It's long since I left, near thirty years; but her name was Moffat, and hearing your name has put me in mind of her. I wonder what has become of her curly-headed boy by this time.'"

"My heart was too full to let me speak a single word, so the old man said it all over again, thinking I was deaf. By that time I had got back my tongue, and said, 'You cannot be Mr. Caldwell!'"

"I think I never saw anybody more astonished than the old man was when he found that I was the curly-headed boy. I had to tell him the shape of his house and of his garden, and where the potatoes grew, before he seemed quite sure; and then we talked of my mother."

Some one suggested that probably the man who had done so much for Christ in Africa, and was then handling the proof- sheets of a corrected version of the Sechnana Bible, owed his conversion to his mother.

"It was this way," said Dr. Moffat. "When I was leaving home for Warrington, to work as a gardener, my mother asked me to give her a promise. I wanted to know what I was to promise; but she would not tell me, and still insisted that I would promise. I was very little to give my word to do a thing I did not know; but I loved and trusted my mother, and so at length I promised."

"Well," said she, "you'll read a portion of the New Testament, and pray for a blessing on it every day, and wherever you may be." I kept my word to my mother; and it was some time after that I was brought to the saving knowledge of Christ."

"And did you then devote yourself to the mission work?" some of us asked.  
"No, that was later. I had gone in from the place I was working at to the town of Warrington to buy a book on a Saturday night, when I saw a placard about a missionary meeting. It was an old placard, the meeting was past; but it fired my thoughts. I went to the minister whose name was on the placard, and after I had knocked I would like to have run away. He introduced me to the London Missionary Society, and two years later (1822) I was sent out." Eighteen twenty-two and eighteen eighty! How much between!

When I recall this story I think of our Lord's words: "He that reapeth receive wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal, that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together" (John 4: 36). Who will rejoice the most over the harvest gathered from the deserts of Africa—Moffat or his great son-in-law, Livingstone, or old Mr. Caldwell, or "the very godly woman" at Carnonbridge who trained and prayed for her curly-headed boy? They will rejoice together.—*Sunday at Home.*

In Nevada crystallized soda can be dug up as ice is dug from a pond, except in the case of soda no one knows how far it is to the bottom of the pond. Out near Ragtown there is an inexhaustible supply of pure soda extending down to an unknown depth. On the surface of the ground are two or three feet of sand, but below this lies the soda, looking like a solid mass of ice. It was this soda that gave rise in the early days—when the emigrants were crossing the plains—to the stories that in places on the plains there was to be found, under a few inches of sand, a solid mass of ice. The soda, as dug up from the plain in sheets from two to three inches in thickness, really does look more like ice than does any other natural mineral formation.—*Reno Journal.*

## The Engineer's Talisman.

BY REV. T. D. WITHERSPOON, D.D.

Facing me in the carriage sat a robust, fine-looking young railroad engineer. The other two occupants were also railroad men. We were on our way to the cemetery with the remains of a young companion who had lost his life in a railway accident. One of our modern funeral processions is a great consumer of time, but it is also a great revealer of character. As the wheels grind monotonously through the sand, and the tears of the bereaved and the face of the dead are still fresh in the view, men open their hearts, and long buried hopes and fears struggle up to light.

So it was now. The two more elderly men talked freely of the hardships and the hairbreadth escapes they had made, the prayers they had made, and the tears they had shed when death was staring them in the face. The young man was silent and apparently listless. At length one of his comrades said to me, as he pointed to him, "As for Jim, there, he ain't afraid of God, man nor devil. Give him a good square meal, and a flask of liquor to keep him warm, and he'd run a lightnin' express at sixty miles an hour around a curve, on the blackest winter night you ever seed, and whistle and frolic if he knewed he was goin' to hell the next minute." "Ah, boys," said the young man, a shade playing over his features, "you never was more mistaken in your life. Do you see that?" drawing from the breast pocket of his flannel shirt a small, well-worn pocket Testament; "my mother gave me that, my dear old mother, God bless her, and, wicked sinner as I am, I would be afraid of you bet, if it wasn't for her," referring to the Testament which he pressed lovingly between his two hands. "I never will mount my engine without her. When I get there sometimes and find I have left her in the other pocket in changing my clothes, I don't turn a wheel till I get her, and when I have been behind, and had to make one of them runs as you fellows was speakin' of, do you know what I do? I just takes her out of my pocket and lays her on the biler of the engine in front of me, and then I lets on the steam, piles in the wood, and says to the biler, 'Get redhot if you will, but you darsn't bust'; and, I tell you, I never is busted a biler yet."

Our readers will smile at the superstition of the madcap engineer, who, while wantonly disregarding all the teachings of the precious book which his dear old mother had given him, was nevertheless trusting to its mere presence on the boiler of his engine to save it from explosion and himself from instant death. But really, in reference, not to temporal, but to eternal safety, are there not multitudes whose treatment of the Word of God is as superstitious as that of the young engineer? Look at that newly-married couple. They have set out on the journey of life with no religion, no recognition of the claims of God, no higher ambition than to attain to wealth, to live in society, or to have a good time in life. And yet how very scrupulous they are to have upon the center-table in the drawing-room a splendidly-bound securely-clasped, never-opened copy of the Word of God. They could no more go to house-keeping without that talisman, than our young friend could run his engine without his pocket Testament. Look at that business man standing at the throttle-valve, rushing the train forward with all speed toward the goal of the millionaire. He makes no profession of religion, the interests of his soul are neglected; in his haste to be rich his feet are familiar with all the ins and outs of subterfuge and trickery in trade; and yet how scrupulously he reads his chapter a day of Scripture—hurriedly, perfunctorily, without the slightest intention of practicing what he reads, but somehow with the idea that he should feel all day that something was going wrong if the reading of that chapter had been neglected. Look at the man whose sole religion consists in a decent and punctual attendance upon the preaching of the Word. He makes no effort, indeed does not even propose to himself to carry into practice during the week the lessons taught from the sacred desk. Listless, inattentive, abstracted in thought, his church-going is to the safety of his soul only what the young engineer's use of his Testament was to his bodily safety. May it not be a question worthy of consideration by every reader of this, how far the Word of God, the ministry of the gospel, church membership, church ordinances, etc., are to us mere talismans through which we hope in some mystic way, without a thorough consecration of ourselves to God, to run safely, like the young engineer, through storm and night, and reach successfully the terminus of our perilous journey?—*Christian Weekly.*

## Smoking in the Presence of Women.

The woman who does not require of a man the form of respect, invites him to discard its substance; and there is one violation of the form which is recent and gross, and might well be cited as a striking illustration in the decay of manners. It is the practice of smoking in the society of ladies in public and in private places, whether driving, walking, sailing or sitting. There are *preux chevaliers* who would be honestly amazed if they were told they did not behave like gentlemen, who, sitting with a lady on a hotel piazza, or strolling in a public park, take out a cigar, light it, and puff as tranquilly as if they were alone in their rooms. Or a young man comes upon the deck of a steamer and blows clouds of tobacco smoke in their faces, without even remarking tobacco is disagreeable to some people. A man when he is unconcernedly sings false betrays that he has no ear for music; and a man who smokes in this way shows that he is not a gentleman.—*Harper's Magazine.*

## Choosing a Husband.

That woman is wise who chooses for her partner in life a man who desires to find his home a place of rest. It is the man with many interests, with engrossing occupations, with plenty of people to fight, with a struggle to maintain against the world, who is really the domestic man, in the wife's sense; who enjoys home, who is tempted to make a friend of his wife, who relishes prattle, who feels in the home circle, where nobody is above him and nobody unsympathetic with him, as if he were in a haven of ease and reparation. The drawback of home-life, its contained possibilities of insipidity, sameness, and consequent weariness, is never present to such a man. He has no more ties of his wife than of his own happier moods. He is no more plagued with his children than with his own lighter thoughts. All the monotony and weariness of life he encounters outside. It is the pleasure-loving man, the merry companion, who requires constant excitement, that finds home-life unendurable. He soon grows weary of it, and considers everything so very tame, and so like flat beer, that it is impossible for him not only to be happy, but to feel that he is less unhappy there than elsewhere. We do not mean that the domestic man, in the wife's sense, will be always at home. The man always at home has not half the chance of the man whose duty is outside it, for he must sometimes be in the way. The point for the wife is, that he should like home when he is there; and that liking, we contend, belongs, first of all, to the active and strong, and deeply-engaged, and not to the lounging, or even easy-minded man.—*Saturday Review.*

## Fast and Slow Walking.

The *National Live Stock Journal* makes some suggestions with respect to the walking gait of a horse which are well worth thinking over. A careful calculation of the time spent on a walk by the farm horse, it says, as compared with the time used at other gaits, would show that the walk is nearly the constant gait. All the work of the farm is done on a walk. It is only when returning with the empty wagon, or when, occasionally, a team is hitched to the family carry-all, that another gait is employed. A horse that under the saddle will walk nearly or quite five miles an hour, will at his work make say three and a half miles, while a slow walker would not come within a mile of this speed, taking the day through. This would cause a loss of nearly two days in a week—or at a low estimate, a week out of every month—which in money value would probably amount to not less than twelve dollars, counting the wages and board of the man and the time and feed of the horse, to say nothing of the additional loss on account of delay in the work—always, as every thoughtful farmer knows, an important item, especially in some seasons. These points of interest to every farmer. Let "horse-men" give time and thought to developing a race of fast trotters, if they will. Farmers should aim to breed a race of fast walkers, as by far the more useful animal.

## Don't Do It.

*Foot's Health Monthly* gives the following good rules:  
Don't sleep in a draught.  
Don't go to bed with cold feet.  
Don't stand over hot air registers.  
Don't eat what you do not need just to save it.  
Don't try to get cool too quickly after exercising.  
Don't sleep with insecure false teeth in your mouth.  
Don't start the day's work without a good breakfast.  
Don't sleep in a room without ventilation of some kind.  
Don't stuff a cold lest you be next obliged to starve a fever.  
Don't try to get along without flannel underclothing in winter.  
Don't use your voice for loud speaking or singing when hoarse.  
Don't try to get along with less than eight or nine hours' sleep.  
Don't sleep in the same undergarment you wear during the day.  
Don't toast your feet by the fire, but try sunlight or friction instead.  
Don't neglect to have at least one movement of the bowels each day.  
Don't try to keep up on coffee and alcohol when you ought to go to bed.  
Don't drink ice-water by the glass; take it in sips a swallow at a time.  
Don't eat snow to quench thirst; it brings on inflammation of the throat.  
Don't strain your eyes by reading or working with insufficient or flickering light.  
Don't use the eyes for reading or fine work in the twilight of evening or early morn.  
Don't try to lengthen your days by cutting short your night's rest; it is poor economy.  
Don't wear heavy fur or rubber caps or hats if your hair is thin or falls out easily.  
Don't eat anything between meals excepting fruits or a glass of hot milk if you feel faint.  
Don't take some other person's medicine because you are troubled somewhat as they are.

In Arkansas a "Home Protection Law" was passed last winter. The women, to whom the "home" is everything, resolved that the law should be enforced, and wherever they have exerted themselves they have secured its enforcement. Of course, the law has been denounced, and the courts have been appealed to; but the Supreme Court has decided it to be constitutional. Indeed, one disgraced saloon-keeper said that the Supreme Court behaved just like "a big Murphy meeting." The leaders say very candidly, "the women have saved the day."

## Letting the Old Cat Die.

Her bright hair floated to and fro,  
Her little red dress flashed by,  
But the loveliest thing of all, I thought,  
Was the gleam of her laughing eye.

Swinging and swaying back and forth,  
With the rose-light in her face,  
She seemed like a bird and a flower in one,  
And the forest her native place.

"Steady! I'll send you up, my child,"  
But she stopped me with a cry:  
"Go way! go way! don't touch me, please,  
I'm letting the old cat die!"

"You're letting him die!" I cried, aghast;  
Where's the cat, my dear?"  
And lo! the laughter that filled the woods  
Was a thing for the birds to hear.

"Why, don't you know," said the little maid,  
The fitting, beautiful elf,  
"That we call it 'letting the old cat die,'  
When the wings stop all of itself?"

Then swinging and swinging and looking back,  
With the merriest look in her eye,  
She bade me "good day," and I left her alone,  
A-letting the old cat die. —*Selected.*

MEDICAL VIRTUES OF CELERY.—An English writer proclaims cooked celery as a cure for rheumatism, which it certainly will not harm if it fails to cure. We read as follows: "Celery, cooked, is a very fine dish, both as nutriment and a purifier of the blood. I will not enumerate the marvelous cures I have made with celery for fear the medical men should, like the corn dealers, attempt to worry me. Let me fearlessly say that rheumatism is impossible on such diet. Plainly let me say, cold or damp never produces rheumatism, but simply develops it. The acid blood is the primary cause and the sustaining power of the evil. While the blood is alkaline there can be no rheumatism, and equally no gout. I must return to cooked celery. Cut the celery into inch pieces, and boil in water until soft. No water must be poured away unless drunk by an invalid. Then take new milk, slightly thickened with flour and flavor with nutmeg; warm with the celery in the saucepan; serve up with diamonds of toasted bread around the dish, and eat with potatoes."

In answer to the query of S. S., p. 172 (11), current volume about treating over-dressed hams, etc., D. N. M. says: "Immerse the hams for about fifteen hours in cold sweet milk, rinse with water, and sweeten with sugar or sugar curing. Ham or bacon left in milk over night is much improved in taste." C. E. B. says: "Soak the meat twenty-four hours in cold water, then put the pieces down in a barrel, with a weight on top to keep them down, and pour over them a pickle prepared from: Water, 6 gallons; brown sugar, 2 lbs.; salt, 4 oz.—boiled together and cooled. Pickle in this four to six days, then take out and smoke." —*Scientific American.*

BREAD AND BUTTER PUDDING.—Stone quarter of a pound of raisins; wash and pick six ounces of currants; shred two ounces of citron, and mix all together; cut half a loaf of stale bread in thin slices, and butter on both sides; line a baking dish with the buttered bread and sprinkle thick with the fruit; put an alternate layer of bread and fruit till all is used, letting the bread be last; make a custard of four eggs, a quart of milk, and six table-spoonsful of sugar, and pour over your bread and fruit; bake half an hour; serve hot in the dish it is baked in.

POTATOES SCALLOPED WITH EGGS.—Two cups of mashed potatoes, three table-spoonsful of milk and two of butter, yolks of four hard-boiled eggs, one beaten raw egg, handful fine crumbs, salt and pepper. Beat the hot potatoes smooth with milk, butter and raw egg, and season well. Put a layer in the bottom of a buttered bake dish, then one of sliced yolks (salted and peppered). Fill the dish in this order, having potatoes on top. Strew with crumbs, cover, bake half an hour and brown.

NUT CAKE.—Half a pound of sugar, five ounces of butter, creamed together, four eggs beaten in one at a time, a teaspoonful of cold water, three-quarters of a pound of flour, two teaspoonsful of baking powder sifted in the flour, and a small pinch of salt; last of all two cups of carefully picked shellbarks; the utmost care must be taken not to leave in any shells, or a broken tooth may be the consequence; bake in a quick oven in small pans.

APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Pare and core fine juicy apples that will cook quickly; then take light bread dough, cut into round pieces half an inch thick and fold round each apple until well covered. Put them into a steamer, let them rise, then set the steamer over a pot of boiling water and steam until done. Try them with a fork. Eat with cream and sugar, or butter and sugar, or maple syrup. The latter is very nice.

DELICIOUS MUFFINS.—Take two cups of flour and work into it thoroughly two teaspoonsful of baking powder; wet the flour with milk until it is of about the consistency of pancake batter; then add three well-beaten eggs the last thing; mix well and drop quickly into muffin-rings, well buttered, and bake in a quick, hot oven.

WHITE CANDY.—Take one quart of granulated sugar, one pint of water, two table-spoonsful of vinegar; boil as you do molasses candy, but do not stir it. You can tell when it is done by trying it in cold water. Pull it; have a dish near by with some vanilla in it, and work in enough to flavor it as you pull; put it in a cold room, and the next day you will have delicious candy.

PROPOSED COLONY.—About 80,000 acres of land between Jaffa and Jerusalem have been secured, on which to form a colony for the persecuted Jews of the Continent of Europe.



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## Miscellany.

## My Work.

He crowned my life with blessings full and sweet,  
In his great love he pardoned all my sin;  
Then to his fold he led my wandering feet,  
And bade me know the peace and joy within.  
"Dear Lord," I cried, "I'll gladly work for thee!"  
His loving voice said only, "Follow me."  
He led me to his pastures green and fair,  
Beside still waters oft he bade me stay;  
But I, with heart all full of anxious care,  
Murmured because he made so smooth the way.  
Saying, "I have no work to do for thee."  
"Child, this is work," he said, "to follow me."

Yet still I murmured, "Lord, the way is fair,  
And it is very sweet to walk with thee;  
But shall thy servant have no cross to bear?  
No battle to be fought and won for thee?  
And in his love, the half I could not see,  
My Saviour gave this answer unto me—  
"Are there no little crosses for each day?  
No inward battles to be fought with sin?  
Nothing to do to smooth another's way?  
To help a soul the crown of life to win?  
Hast thou remembered my great love for thee,  
And dost thou live each day, each hour, for me?"

Then seeing all my need and sin and pride,  
I knelt again before my Saviour's feet,  
Praying for strength to follow by his side,  
Praying for help, temptation's power to meet;  
And now, each day, let my petition be,  
Teach me, dear Lord, to follow after thee."  
—*Millie Colcord.*

## The Dignity of Lowly Duties.

Women particularly are inclined to look at the struggle for subsistence as something that ought not to be; they feel that there is no real worth in it, and so there can be no beauty or dignity. Those teachers who have assumed that this life, rich as it is in promise and full of possibilities for the great soul, is of no worth and value in itself; that the lesson to be early learned and to be acted upon always is that we are merely pilgrims who lodge here for a night in order that we may go on next day—these teachers have done more to narrow and restrict woman in the exercise of her best powers than all the petty tyranny of which the avowed woman's rights women declaim. I have often thought that if I had time to be a woman with a mission, I would take the wide world for my field, and go up and down helping to convince the tired woman who lies down in her bed at night with the profound consciousness that another day has been frittered away in doing things without relation to eternal affairs, but which for the comfort and well-being of her family were required, that in her being the patient mother of her children, and the good housewife, she has done that which for her is the best thing to do. If this could be done, we should not so often hear women whose work is that of doing the near duties which are so plainly theirs that, unless wilfully blind, they cannot overlook them, say, "Oh, if I could only do something that amounts to something!" One who can help us to see that this doing the work, simple and common though it appear, which really lies at the root of all things, and without which life is impossible, and who shall at the same time teach us to simplify our task, so that while living we may also live nobly, will be a great benefactor to the race. Then shall we see calm-browed women performing lowly duties with satisfaction instead of unhappiness.—*E. W. B., in New York Evening Post.*

## Arizona and Utah.

Census bulletin No. 25, just received from the Census Bureau at Washington, shows the population of Arizona Territory to be 40,440. Of these 24,391 are native and 16,049 foreign born. Those born in Arizona number 1,166; in California, 2,162; in New York, 1,735; in Utah, 1,338; in New Mexico, 1,144; in Ohio, 954; in Missouri, 914; in Pennsylvania, 812; in Illinois, 682; in Massachusetts, 504; in Mexico, 3,330; in China, 1,626; in Ireland, 1,296; in the German Empire, 1,110; in England, 708; in Canada, 447; in France, 276; in Scotland, 250; in Denmark, 131; in Switzerland, 117; all other foreign born, 758; all other native born, 5,920. The population of Utah is given at 143,963, 93,969 being native and 43,994 foreign born. Of these, 81,716 were born in Utah, 2,714 in New York, 2,230 in Illinois, 1,628 in Pennsylvania, 1,602 in Iowa; 1,224 in Missouri, 791 in Ohio, 645 in Massachusetts, 607 in California, 475 in Indiana, 19,654 in England, 7,791 in Denmark, 3,750 in Sweden, 3,201 in Scotland, 2,390 in Wales, 1,321 in Ireland, 1,214 in Norway, 1,040 in Switzerland, 885 in Canada, 885 in the German Empire; all other foreign born, 1,863; all other natives, 6,336.—*Sacramento Bee.*

## A Faithful Elephant.

There is a beautiful story of an old elephant engaged in battle on the plains of India. He was a standard-bearer and carried on his huge back the royal ensign, the rallying point of the Poona host. At the beginning of the fight he lost his master. The mahout, or driver, had just given him the word to halt when he received a fatal wound and fell to the ground, where he lay under a heap of slain. The obedient elephant stood still while the battle closed round him and the standard he carried. He never stirred a foot, refusing either to advance or retire as the conflict became hotter and fiercer, until the Mahatras, seeing the standard still flying steadily in its place, refused to believe that they were being beaten, and rallied again and again round the colors. And all this while, amid the din of battle, the patient animal stood, straining its ears to catch the sound of that voice it would never hear again.

At length the tide of conquest left the field deserted. The Mahatras swept on

in pursuit of the flying foe, but the elephant like a rock stood there, with the dead and dying around, and the ensign waving in its place.

For three days and nights it remained where its master had given the command to halt. No bribe nor threat could move it. They then sent to a village one hundred miles away and brought the mahout's little son. The noble hero seemed then to remember how his driver had sometimes given his authority to the little child, and immediately, with all the shattered trappings clanging as he went, paced quietly and slowly away. What a lesson of fidelity is taught us by the faithfulness of this dumb creature to his master! "One is your master, even Christ." Do you stay where he puts you till His voice calls you away?

## Amen.

A little fellow named Artie, one of three brothers, whose parents had brought them up to be brave and self-reliant, couldn't do much, but what he could do he did with all his might. As their parents were Methodists of the good old-fashioned kind, the boys were in the habit of hearing, at such times, the hearty "Amen" break from their father's lips when the sermon was particularly enjoyable.

One cold Sabbath day these children were left at home, with many cautions to be careful. Hardly had the parents left, ere the wood-work near the stove-pipe was discovered to be on fire and out of the children's reach; but with wonderful activity and energy, the eldest climbed upon the table and put out the flames.

When the father and mother returned, they shuddered to see the danger to which their dear ones had been exposed, and with thankful hearts praised them for their courage.

"How did you manage, Tommy, to reach the fire?" asked their father.

"Why," said Tommy, "I pushed the table up to the wall and got on that."

"And did you help brother, Jimmy?" to the other.

"Yes, sir; I brought him a pail of water, and handed him the dipper."

"And what did you do?" said the proud father to his pet, the youngest of the group.

"Well, papa," said Artie, "you see I was too small to help put out the fire, so I just stood by and halloed 'Amen.'"

AN INGENIOUS DOG.—A gentleman in a country town has a small black retriever dog which is very fond of sugar, so his master always puts a lump on the chimney-piece for him at breakfast time. Nero barks, and jumps, and stands up on his hind legs; but it is just out of his reach, so after a few minutes he always goes under the table for a foot-stool which he pushes along with nose and paws till in the right position, and then stands up on it and takes his sugar.

A correspondent sends us the following:

"Some years since, at a choir rehearsal in Providence, R. I., after practicing several times on one stirring tune, the chorister was satisfied with their effort, and said: 'If you will sing that in the church as well as you have done here, we shall raise the roof.' At the close of the sermon on Sabbath morning, the hymn was read, and the choir were quite earnest in singing it. When they were nearly through the last line, a great crash was heard, which shook the building; the snow which covered the large roof at that instant starting and falling to the ground. 'There,' said the chorister at the close, 'I told you we should take the roof off.'"

Too often the Cross of Christ is rendered of none effect, through the vain affection of preachers to recommend it by the affected graces of elocution, or the ostentatious parade of learning and philosophy. Thus its edge is blunted, its convincing plainness is obscured, its genuine beauty and glory are tarnished; but the Spirit of God disdains to set His seal to the Word thus preached; it proves the mere shadow of a feast, at which the guests are starved; and an amusing display of ingenuity, instead of an assault on the strongholds of Satan.—*Scott.*

Here is something to save until the summer brings flowers, unless you have window-plants or a hot-house: How to take impressions of flowers on paper: Obtain a piece of brown paper, and, after oiling it well all over, hold it over a candle till well blackened, then press the flower on to it, and rub well all over. Then lay it on the paper on which you wish to put the impression, and press it. Blotting books for pressing flowers, etc., can be obtained from any stationer.

"The smoking car is one of the greatest nuisances of modern times. It never ought to be allowed. It is the den of utter nastiness. No gentleman ought to be content to ride in one. Even if a man uses tobacco, he ought to have self-denial enough to ride for an hour or so without yielding to the temptation to indulgence in the wasteful and useless habit of smoking. There ought to be a decided toning up in this matter."

Johnny aged five, and Willie aged three, are exploring the mysteries of a couple of oranges. Willie questions:

"Do you know why oranges have such thick skins?"

Johnny (thoughtfully): "No. Do you?"

Willie: "Yes."

Johnny: "Why? Tell me, Willie."

Willie: "Oh, to keep them warm, so they won't take cold."

Herbert Spencer's long-meditated journey to America is now definitely fixed. He sails August next and intends to be absent from home three months. He visits Canada and also, possibly, California. He has refused all proposals to lecture, his design being solely to see the country and people, without any ulterior object.

The bachelor's refrain—a lass! The maiden's refrain—ah men! Let them no longer refrain.

She told him she could read his mind like an open book; and then softly added, "blank book."

"Put no fulsome compliments on my tombstone," said a wag. "Don't give me any epitaphy."

More hours are spent in the study of history at Harvard, than in that of any other branch of learning.

A cynical man says his wife is only half like a telescope; he can draw her out, but he can't shut her up.

An exchange says: "Some people like oysters on the half shell, others quail on toast, but we prefer eagles on \$10 gold pieces."

The Scripture lesson, *Young lady*: "And who comes after Esther? (Pause.) Is it Job?" *Pupil*: "No, miss; Billy Piper's big brother; I see him a Sunday."

Illinois last year expended upon her schools the sum of \$7,531,941, the teachers of the state receiving \$4,587,015.10. The school population of the State is 1,010,851.

*Proud mamma*: "Don't you think dear baby's the image of his pa?" *Dull but well-meaning family friend*: "Well, perhaps he is—but I dare say he'll outgrow it in time!"

For the best results there needs be the longest waiting. The true harvest is the longest in being reached. The failures come first, the successes last. The unsatisfactory is generally soonest seen.—*Henry Calderwood.*

Perfectly water-proof. *Preacher* (arriving drenched): "What shall I do, Mrs. McGregor? I am wet through and through." *Old Scotchwoman*: "Get into the pulpit as soon as ye can. Ye'll be dry ere 'ere."

"Well, neighbor Simmons, how much shall we put you down for to get a chandelier for our church?" *Neighbor S.*:

"Nothing. What do we want a chandelier for? We haven't got anybody in the parish who could play on it after we get it."

The Supreme Court has decided that the Quincy Board of Education had no authority to enforce the rule requiring the colored children of the city to attend one particular school set apart for their use. Thus vanishes from Illinois the separate school for colored children.

There is a movement in the Kentucky Legislature for the equalization of the distribution of the school fund between the white and colored people of the state. A discrimination is now made against the colored people on the ground that they pay taxes on only \$3,500,000 worth of property.

About a thousand Japan persimmon trees, furnished by the Bureau of Agriculture, can be obtained from J. V. Webster, 40 California street, San Francisco. Those who desire them should send him thirty cents, to cover the cost of packing, etc., and seven to nine trees will be sent to each applicant, the express charge to be paid by the receiver.—*Alta.*

The public schools of the State of New York were last year attended by 1,021,282 children, a smaller number by 10,000 than were recorded in 1880. Of the 30,826 teachers employed, 23,157 were women. The average annual salary of each teacher was \$395.06, the whole amount expended in salaries being \$7,775,505.22. The state has 11,248 school districts and 11,894 school-houses. The total amount expended upon the

Perhaps President Arthur may be in a mood to appreciate a story that is told of President Lincoln. An old friend expressed regret to see him look so worn and anxious, and bade him have courage and he would yet conquer the Rebellion. Sadly and with a sigh the President answered: "It is not the Rebellion, Bill; it's the post-office at Pipestown that's troubling me."

Society or solitude—which shall it be? Your question is wrong. It is not, either—or; but society and solitude. You should not divorce them. Society alone dissipates. Solitude narrows. Both must co-operate, as air and earth. Keep your roots deep in the dark soil, spread your branches wide in the open air. To eschew either is to live a half life. If you fear either, something is wrong.

The trustees of Dartmouth College decline to accept the resignation of Prof. Sanborn and have engaged ex-President Brown, of Hamilton College, a former professor at Dartmouth, to assist Dr. Sanborn. The medical department is to receive \$2,000 from the will of the late E. W. Stoughton, New York, to complete a collection for the pathological museum founded by him.

J. D. asks: 1. What is the best polish to use in polishing the inside of gun barrels with? A. Emery flour, with a very little oil, is about as good as anything. 2. What is the best oil to use to prevent gun barrels from rusting? A. Pure sperm, or sperm mixed (by aid of heat) with about three per cent. of paraffine wax. 3. What is the best polish for a walnut gun stock? A. Good clear shellac varnish rubbed on with a rag very slightly oiled.—*Scientific American.*

M. eting at court one day, Rochester, with mock politeness, thus accosted Barrow, the witty divine: "Doctor, I am yours to my shoe-tie." To which Mr. Barrow rejoined: "My lord, I am yours to the ground." Rochester followed with: "Doctor, I am yours to the center." The doctor returned: "My lord, I am yours to the antipodes." Rochester, seeming to be foiled by a piece of musty divinity, as he termed Barrow, replied: "Doctor, I am yours to the bottomless pit." Whereupon Barrow, turning on his heel, quietly observed: "There, my lord, I leave you!"

## Our Globe.

"If I were in danger of becoming skeptical," says T. Starr King, "I believe that a vivid apprehension of the revelations concerning our globe would appal me into faith. To think of this ball whirling and spinning above the sun, and be an atheist! To feel that we are at the mercy of the forces that lash us like a top around the ecliptic, and of the raving flames that heave and beat for vent; not more than an eighth of its surface inhabitable by man; seas roaring around him; tropic heats smiting his brain; polar frosts threatening his blood; hurricanes hovering in the sky; earthquakes slumbering under our feet; the conditions of life depending on the most delicate powers, over which the wisest man is helpless—to think of these, and not to have confidence in a power superior to these pitiless forces; not to have a faith that the land is sheltered by a ceaseless love from the hunger of the elements!"

## Sayings of Lord Beaconsfield.

Eloquence is the child of knowledge. When a mind is full, like a wholesome river, it is also clear.

Tact teaches when to be silent.

It is much easier to be critical than to be correct.

My idea of an agreeable person is a person who agrees with me.

To revive faith is more difficult than to create it.

How full of adventure is life! It is monotonous only to the monotonous.

The great secret of success in life is, for a man to be ready when his opportunity comes.

Next to knowing when to seize an opportunity, the most important thing is to know when to forego an advantage.

Put on a good countenance. Nobody should ever look anxious except those who have no anxiety.

We cannot eat the fruit while the tree is in blossom.

Assassination has never changed the history of the world.

## A High-Toned Prison.

The New Jersey State Prison, at Trenton, is what Mr. Guiteau might call a high-toned abode. Instead of being a dwelling place for the low criminal classes, it contains, it is said, some of the "best society" of the State. Among the prisoners at the present time there are no less than a dozen men who, four years ago, from their wealth, business position and general standing in society were regarded as among the foremost citizens of New Jersey. In this list are found two bank presidents, three bank cashiers, the ex-comptroller and the treasurer of the city of Elizabeth. If this is a bad showing for New Jersey morals, it is an excellent one for New Jersey justice, a close imitation of which might be a beneficial thing for several other States.—*San Jose Mercury.*

All the terrible sins against chastity which exist in so-called Christian lands—such as seduction, prostitution, concubinage, adultery, abortion, neglect of maternal duty and exposure of infants, infanticide, with other nameless sins, and the diseases and early deaths of multitudes of children—all come from the same root. One or another of the evils of impurity may be wanting in one country and be a standing plague in another; but they all will appear somewhere in an unbelieving and atheistic age. They cannot be absent even in the highest state of civilization, such as it has been hitherto in the history of the world. When society loses its faith in God and in a degree its morals it becomes enervated and no longer able to enjoy simple, natural pleasures. It craves the unnatural, the exciting, the lawless freedom from restraint; and this craving seems to run through all enjoyments of an earthly sort. Thus it happens that within a hundred years the crimes and forbidden enjoyments of a nation in one or another direction may become more abnormal and more multiplied. What happens that within a hundred years the crimes and forbidden enjoyments of a nation in one or another direction may become more abnormal and more multiplied. What once was looked on with disapproval is now taken for a matter of course; what once excited horror is now a respectable sin. In a corrupt civilization—that is, in one where the moral and religious sense is blunted—there will be a great increase of divorce, or of some other evil, which will show that the old sanctity of marriage and of the family has to a great extent faded away or has faded away in certain strata of society. The radical evil is in all cases the decay of religious faith. The evil that appears on the surface will vary in different nations and under different forms of social life.—*THEODORE D. WOOLSEY, DD., LL.D., in Independent.*

The late Chinese professor at Harvard, Ko Kuan Hua, was not without a sense of humor. He was riding on the horse cars from Boston to Cambridge, one day, when an Irishman took a seat next to him and entered into conversation, intending to ridicule the good professor. Touching his silk garment, the Irishman said: "Very nice. Make money washing?" "No," replied the professor. "All the Chinese are washers, ain't they?" he continued. "No," he replied. "Three classes in China—noblemen, educated men. I belong to the second—the washers—what you call them? like many Irish in United States."

Do not pity yourself. Self-compassion is a morbid luxury, a caricature of self-respect. Do not nurse your grief and brood over it. Do not feed it with thought till it grows big. Forget yourself. Think of the world with its want and woe. Think of God and His help. Fling yourself, sorrow and all, upon the distress of man, and you shall find how God comforts those that mourn.—*Christian at Work.*

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# The Pacific.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Wednesday, April 5, 1882.

This time the melting snows did it, away over near "Wells," in Nevada. There was a water "blockade" for many miles. The suspension of travel was for four days; one of the longest in the history of the Central Pacific Railway. A valley like a basin, and filled with water that can find no lower level, floats things, and pays little respect to railway tracks and ties. The water waits without remorse to be drained off. No one is to blame unless it be the engineer who originally located the road, and probably never dreamed of the precipitation of so much water into that particular opening. But it may not happen again in a century. The track is down again. The mails and passengers are all safe. Most of them have actually arrived, provokingly behind time, and much to the general inconvenience, and, it may be, to the particular loss of a few. All such occurrences teach us how dependent we are upon the Will and Power that are behind all "providential events," after all that great corporations and the mightiest human energies, and the best harnessed natural forces can do for us. For ourselves, we have never lost our admiration for the original Pacific railway men of this side of the continent, who pushed so good a road, so rapidly, over mountains sharp and high, and across stretches so barren beyond, for hundreds of weary miles. They have deserved their honors and their rewards.

A week of multiplied calamities has passed over us. A powder-mill explosion here in California, north of Berkeley, killed fourteen persons, about half of whom were Chinamen. A steamboat was burned on the Mississippi, near Memphis, in which thirty-five perished. A "blizzard" swept over the northern center of the continent, leaving about a score of people dead—according to the meagre reports we have seen. And so, in the hurry and rush of our own lives, and amid the pressure of our affairs, we take the shock of horrors that fill the continent with grief, and touch for a moment the heart of the civilized world; and then we forget them all, except as shadows in our memory, and plunge again into the engrossing activities of scenes out of which ourselves may soon vanish, and as suddenly. Oh, the times, the admonitions, the vertiges; out of them all may we come at length, trained for a great immortality!

The self-appointed interpreter of modern aestheticism has been among us; and has been, on the whole, a disappointment. His name is Oscar (the distinctively British pronunciation is Hoscarr) Wilde. He seems to us a crude, overgrown sophomore, who needs to have the conceit taken out of him. John Ruskin could do that, and we hope that he will condescend to the doing of it, for the sake of a genuine aestheticism as over against the pale and sickly kind which has sprouted out in the person of this pretentious youth. In any fit characterization of him, what a scoring Ruskin would give him. It is likely, however, that he would not think "the game worth the candle."

Mr. Spurgeon, who has a peculiar and pointed way of putting things, recently said: "Doubts about the fundamentals of the gospel exist in certain churches, I am told, to a large extent. My dear friends, where there is a warm-hearted church, you do not hear of them. They do not come near; it is too hot. I never saw a fly alight on a red-hot plate."

There is much, of course, in the spirituality, spiritual-mindedness, and spiritual pre-occupation of a church, to keep away from it all doubts, difficulties, and hesitations, that grow out of mental leisure, intellectual speculations, and those hair-splitting disputations, into which some conceited and illogical thinkers are always running. But we have not supposed there was a great deal of this in the churches themselves, either in England or America. Outside of the churches, and in certain literary and scientific circles, we hear all too much of these doubts about "fundamentals." But they shall pass away. Materialism of the sort from which they spring cannot live. There is, and will remain, something more, infinitely more, than is dreamed of in their philosophy of earth and earthiness.

It is reported that Prof. Palmer, now of Harvard College, has been offered the Mills Professorship of Mental and Moral Philosophy in the State University of California. We know nothing of this gentleman, personally. The Rev. L. Dickerman, in THE PACIFIC of March 22nd, alluded

ed to him as a lecturer at Andover Seminary on the "Development of Ethics in England," and classed him as "among our young men one of the most acute of metaphysicians." So far the endorsement is good; and we hope that, in the direction of moral philosophy he is in accord with such men as Ex-President Hill and Ex-Professor Peabody. We can not suppose that he would be wanted at Harvard if he were not lifted high as the empyrean above all the materialistic drift of our time and of every country.

By those who do not think rightly it is supposed that something has been said to the advantage of science, as over religion, when it is said that, while "religion is a matter of faith, science is a matter of knowledge," as though the one had a different basis from the other. This is not true. Professor Cooke, of Harvard, in his work on "Religion and Christianity," very properly says:

"Moreover, faith is not peculiar to religion. All our knowledge, not the result of personal observation and investigation, is held on faith, that is, on trust in other men; and absolutely all knowledge is held on trust in the authority of our own powers. Much of the knowledge that we hold without question is utterly beyond the capacity of our own intellects to verify; and moreover, no one doubts the existence of truths which now lie beyond the scope of the most gifted genius, but which hereafter may be attained by man."

It is the fancy of many that they know matter better than they know mind. But we know matter, not in its essence, but only in its properties; and we can know mind only in its properties, and not in its essence. Matter is the occasioning cause of some of our states of consciousness, and mind is the cause of another series of our states of consciousness. And the real fact is that we actually know more of mind than we do of matter; both because there is more of it to be known, and because it is within us, closer and more constant and intimate in activity.

For the sake of brevity, for the sake of clearness, for the sake of simplicity, for the sake of making it more elementary, a church may alter its confession of faith, rehabilitate its creed, renovate its covenant, and change all its symbols, without altering its beliefs at all, or abating a jot of its orthodoxy. It has a right to do this, for sufficient cause, at any time, and to such an extent as shall not seem to hurt its fellowship with the sister churches. It is only a question of the fitness of times and occasions. It may amount to no more than the changing of a text-book in art, science or philosophy in a college. The change does not abolish the art, science or philosophy, nor disparage it, nor question it, nor bring distrust upon it; but seeks, rather, to promote it. So long as the symbols only change, and the doctrines remain, there is no ground of apprehension. But time, manner, aim, degree, are always to be considered.

We are indebted to D. M. Ferry & Co., seed merchants, growers and importers, Detroit, Mich., for a package of as fine vegetable seeds as one often sees; a round dozen of papers are in the package; the papers are large, well-filled and finely printed in colors. From the same source we have also an envelope filled with the same number of papers of flower seeds. Should the seeds grow as well in skillful hands as they ought, to justify their putting up, they will do remarkably well. And we shall presume upon this, committing them, through others, to their element.

One statement made in the last *Missionary Herald* deserves to be widely copied, and to receive marked attention. It is to the effect that the increase in the number of ordained American missionaries connected with our Board, from the year 1840 to the present time, has been from 134 to 158, or only 18 per cent.; whereas the native agents have increased during the same period from 122 to 1717, or about 1400 per cent!

The University of California has issued the following notice: Picnics, teaming and stock grazing will not hereafter be allowed on the University Grounds. Visitors are not allowed to make fires, discharge firearms, or kill or catch birds on the grounds of the University; and are also forbidden to pluck flowers or shrubs, or break or otherwise injure the trees, paths or sidewalks, or commit any indecency or trespass of whatever nature, under penalty of the law. The above regulations will be rigorously enforced by the University police force.

By ORDER OF THE BOARD OF REGENTS. After Mr. Blaine had concluded his eulogy of President Garfield, he told a friend that he had feared in the morning that he would not be able to get through without giving way. When complimented on his description of a murderer, in the first of his oration, as being so accurate a picture of Garfield's assassin, he said it was a quotation from a speech by Daniel Webster in a famous murder trial in New England. Many who heard it thought it original and suggested wholly by the cold-blooded career of Guiteau.

The Shah of Persia proposes to revisit England next June.

## The Sunday Law and the Duty of the Hour.

BY REV. MARTIN POST.

We find a question agitating and dividing the communities of California. We find the people ranging themselves along the lines of two parties. What are their characteristics? On the one side we find men from both of the great political parties. We find in its ranks the great majority of those who are known as Christians. Here are the ministers, the supporters of the churches, and most of those who are recognized as friends of morality. The larger part of them are Protestants, and yet some of them are from the more intelligent and thoughtful Catholics. Some of them are of no pronounced Christian faith, but desire to see society and humanity advanced. On this side of the divisive issues are the educators—teachers in our schools—and the supporters of our colleges and academies; in short, those, with very few exceptions, who are accepted as persons well-informed. Nearly all, too, who are on the side to which we allude, are taxpayers. Nearly all property-owners, with the exception of one class, are in this same party. Here, too, with only occasional exceptions, are the industrious citizens, the men of good habits. Above all, here are the law-abiding. So true is this that the party is often called the law-and-order party. Ranked in it are those who have enlightened ideas of liberty and its safeguards and guarantees. Call the roll, and most of them are native-born Americans—men whose fathers suffered and fought to maintain our nation and our laws—men who know what our liberties cost. On this side of the question stand the mothers and sisters and the widows and orphans. Here also we find those who wish to make California the resort of those who seek safe and prosperous homes, and a hopeful field for agricultural and manufacturing pursuits—a state to which parents from all parts of the Union can send their adventurous sons and feel that they will not be ensnared by saloon-traps, nor led into lawlessness and Sunday desecrations—a state which shall be known everywhere as the Garden State, not only of natural beauty, but of the home-plants of temperance, purity, love and peace.

This is one side. Now glance at the other.

Here is the drunkard. He is in the toils and bound to this party. Next observe in it the drunkard-makers. They are the leaders of their ranks. Here train all the saloon-keepers and saloon frequenters; here, the brewers, the distillers and the wine merchants. Here, too, are some whom the drunkard-makers hold by their patronage. In a word, here is all the liquor interest. So true is this that this party is characterized and called the liquor party. Here are found those who can be bought by money or whiskey. Here are the hordes of non-taxpaying irresponsibles. Here are the tramps, the lawless and incendiary elements, the riff-raff of society. Here are those who think that freedom means liberty to do as one lusteth, and that law is synonymous with tyranny. Here are the latest arrivals from foreign shores. In short, here is one traffic against other traffics; one money interest against the rest. Here is a private against the public interest; a class interest against the general interest. Here is a class that claim that they must have an advantage given them over those of most other occupations. They cannot sustain themselves with six days of business out of the seven. They must catch the money on Sunday which ought to go on Monday for a coat, or a pair of shoes, or a sack of flour.

Now the law-and-order party look about, and what do they see? That three-fourths of the taxes go to the prosecution of criminals, and the maintenance of lunatics and paupers which are made by such ardent spirits. They see that rum is the great recruiting officer for our jails, states prisons, asylums and poor houses. They see that the tax levy required would be at least one-half less were it not for liquor. They see that millions of dollars annually go over the counter of the saloon-keeper in exchange for the misery and want and crime and widowhood and orphanage which he deals out. They see that Sunday, being an idle day, this traffic does especial injury on that day—fleeces the working man of his week's earnings. They see that this traffic thus takes unfair advantage of the law-observing, Sunday-keeping industries. They see that this is class favoritism, and is undemocratic. Now they find a law on our statute books called the "Sunday law." Not a religious law, not a Sabbath law, but a "Sunday law." It is not in the interest of any church or sect; does not say you must go to church or not go. It is in the interest of a quiet, peaceable rest-day. The State virtually says, "It is found by long, long experience to be for the health and prosperity of the people that they should rest from their ordinary toil one day in seven. It shall be a *dies non*—not a business day, but a holiday. Contracts and bargains made on that day shall be void." Sunday laws are no new things, but are as old as the days of Constantine. Sunday laws began in England as early as 690. They were re-enacted under good King Alfred. But Sunday has been pre-eminently an American institution. Every State of the Union has some Sunday laws. Some two or three have almost none. Now the State of California says by its chosen law-makers: In order to secure Sunday as a quiet, orderly holiday for the greatest number of people, let the saloons be closed on that day; and the law-abiding people wish to obey and enforce this as well as other enactments of our State and of the United States. They desire the enforcement of the Sunday law—1st. Because they desire the safety and security of our government.

As patriots they desire that the will of the majority, expressed through its legislators, shall be maintained. As loyal citizens, and not rebels, they ask that the law, so long as it is unrepelled, shall be law. 2nd. They ask for the enforcement of the Sunday law as affording, so far as it goes, some relief from the curse of intemperance. It gives the drinker one day in the week in which to get sober. It gives the police a little respite from making arrests. It provides one day in seven in which the police court rooms can be thoroughly ventilated. It lightens tax assessments by a perceptible sum. 3rd. They ask the enforcement of the Sunday law for the sake of the saloon-keepers and their clerks. It is asking altogether too much of them to demand that they shall be shut in to the unwholesome smells of the rum shop seven days in the week. They ought to have one day in the week to spend at home with their families; one day for rest, recuperation and culture. The law-and-order party have no desire to injure the vender of ardent spirits; they are actuated by no hope of pecuniary reward. They simply desire to confer an inestimable blessing on the saloon-keeper and his employees and his family. They are advocating the Sunday Law not for money, but for philanthropy. They are trying to remove the "cataract" from the saloon keeper's eyes. Give him rest and opportunity for self-examination on Sunday, and his "chances" of recovering the full use of his eyes will be greatly increased.

The present issue does not include all which we ought to seek, but it is to do its educating work toward a higher, broader issue. Nothing is really settled till it is settled right; and settled right is total abstinence and total prohibition. Nevertheless our present work is to support this law. Let every loyal citizen fearlessly advocate it. Let him go to the primaries and conventions, and to the polls, and nominate and elect men who will enforce the law. Let him give cheerfully of his means. Let him keep up the contest "all summer." Let him meet the question at the polls next Fall. Let him fight against the repeal of the law in the Legislature next winter. Above all, let him trust in God, who will speed the right.

### Consecrated Men.

The pressing need of California is consecrated men in pulpit and pews. Concerning this, there can be no doubt or differing opinions. Limiting the question to the pulpit, What is a consecrated man? A minister may serve a little church, or several such, pay his travelling expenses and house rent for a sum, all told, that is barely sufficient for support; or he may serve a field well for two years, and perform also the duties of janitor, receiving during that period no stipulated salary, and actually getting only his board and an insignificant sum for clothing, and this from a church amply able to maintain a minister comfortably, and perfectly satisfied with its pastor. Yet, all this does not prove that the minister is consecrated, for he merely submits to what he is unable to change, since he has, nolens volens, inherited that "baneful patrimony of dead wood." A home missionary may be abundant in labors, preaching three times every Sunday, and assisting in two Sabbath-schools, riding from eighteen to twenty-eight miles every Sabbath; holding weeks of protracted effort; travelling twenty-five miles to make a single pastoral call; visiting the sick, burying the dead; in fine, doing the work of pastor, evangelist and teacher. Yet his labors are not blessed as they should be, and "the baneful patrimony of dead wood" still floats around the church doors, obstructing the ingress of sinners. And after all, this minister may be a mere hireling of the Home Missionary Society, doing his work, and submitting to its afflictions and disabilities, simply in order to comply with the terms of his commission, to make a commendable report to the Secretaries and build up his loved Congregationalism. Now I ask, Is that man consecrated in the right way? Does the mere fact of his devotion to Congregationalism, or any other ism, make him a consecrated man? Is not a *deep, all-absorbing, tender love* for Christ, and a doing of all things for *His sake*, the essence and end of all consecration in the religious life? If the thought of the dear Christ's self-sacrificing love for me, one of His unworthy ministers, and weak, yet saved ones, thrills heart, nerve and brain with a quicker pulsation; if when I stand in His name, to plead for the purchase of His blood, I feel and know that the Invisible Saviour is holding me up, and giving me the courage of my convictions; if for Him I gladly endure the privations of poverty, and the difficulties of my field, and do His work, not in a mere business or professional way, but as counting it all joy that I am considered worthy by my Home Missionary friends to suffer for Christ—am I yet consecrated *all to Christ*, if I permit unrepentingly the dead wood to block the way of an aggressive work for the perishing ones outside of the sanctuary? Am I loyal to Christ and His cause if, year after year, I feed upon the Missionary loaf, unless I call attention of the Missionary managers to evils in our work, which the home missionary, without the aid and sympathy of his ministerial brethren, can not fully meet? These things, as the writer in last week's *Missionary Column of THE PACIFIC* truly and forcibly says, call for "wide-awake and active ministers, and for the removal of dead timber from pulpit and pew."

And I am also with the writer alluded to, in the idea that the lively stones which are to build up the spiritual house of the Lord in California must be quarried from our own soil. This can never be until our motto is "Christ first, Congregationalism next." If this were always the inspiration of our work, I believe that Congregationalism would ere long have its representative church and minister not only in every county, but in every township of the Golden State; for in my opinion Congregationalism is the freest and most Christly church order in this world. If its Christly ointment were not, alas, too often shut up in the alabaster box of historical and ecclesiastical self-satisfaction; if indeed Protestantism as well as Roman Catholicism had not disproportionately more zeal for the church than for Christ, its corner stone, the temperance cause and the cause of political enfranchisement would not have been so often forced to rely so much upon un-Christly men for their support. Let us have a home-made and consecrated ministry, and a Christly church, and all will be well. A HOME MISSIONARY.

Adoniram Judson was at one time apparently lost to hope. He, too, was the son of a minister. Prayers and tears were apparently wasted upon him. He was in a hotel. Beyond the thin partition was a sinner dying. All night long the moans and death-throes disturbed his sleep. The next morning, on inquiry, he found that the young man was dead. He followed his lost spirit on its terrible journey. He was convicted and converted, and became the pioneer missionary to Burmah, winning the distinction of being Jesus Christ's man.

## Home Missionary Cal.

Conducted by J. H. Warren, D.D.

Office, No. 7 Montgomery Avenue.

### The Responses.

Below is the report of the Financial Agent, which shows, in part only, the responses our churches have given for the month of March to the call for special help in the work of Home Missions. Many of our churches have sent their reports direct to New York, and the amounts to their credit do not appear in the list. The giving has been beyond our expectations, and more than our asking in nearly every instance. A few of our best churches have preferred to wait and make their offerings at their stated times. Some of the pledges of the First church will come in when promised to be paid. Our total for the year ending March 31st we are not able to give exactly, but we are confident it will exceed the gifts of any previous year.

In the missionary year that has just ended it is gratifying to note that with but two exceptions the self-supporting churches, of which we have twenty-nine, have remembered the Society in its work, and four others that have been unaided have not withheld their mite. The pastors have done the work in their own way, and no pressure from the outside has been applied for the sake of exceptional and extraordinary giving or effect.

Christian brothers and sisters of the Congregational churches of California, you have done well; you have given much. Is it not a "prophecy, better of good to be?"

From the *Home Missionary* for April we learn that plans are under discussion at the rooms of the Society, and projects in process of formation, by which yet more responsibility in administration shall be thrown upon the churches. It says:

They have not been so matured as to justify present publication, but the rapid multiplication and great improvements of means that bring the East and West closer and closer together are visibly making it not only possible but imperative that they should share as equally as possible in the whole business of administering this great home missionary trust. The "apportionment" scheme has now been working for three years or more, and has secured admirable results in several directions; in no one, perhaps, more than in imposing greater sense and weight of responsibility on our Western churches and brethren. To the Executive Committees which have annually chosen in their several State Associations have the questions of men, and fields, and amounts of grants thus come to be committed very largely for responsible answer, if not for final decision. Only those who have studied the principles and practical working of "apportionment" can have any proper idea of the change which this system has wrought. If incapable or unworthy men are now commissioned, or are retained in service, it cannot happen unless the Executive Committees chosen by the different State Associations have indorsed and recommended them. If poor and improper fields are sometimes selected, opened, and aided, it can occur only when those Executive Committees, chosen by the different State Associations, have indorsed and recommended them. If the amounts of aid granted in any case are subjects of complaint, it will be found that, with rare exceptions, they are amounts named and recommended by those same Executive Committees chosen by the different State Associations to supervise and responsibly advise in respect to the practical administration of all those home missionary grants in those States. The "apportionment" scheme thus throws the burden of responsibility heavily upon our brethren in the aided States. Practically, they now decide very largely the administration. But it has seemed to us that perhaps there are still further modifications possible in the same direction, which will serve to create a yet deeper sense of administrative responsibility in the brethren and churches on the field, and draw them into yet closer relations with the representatives of the Society at the office, and we cordially invite such suggestions from those interested in making the administration of the Society more effective and helpful, as will aid us in coming to clear and right decisions upon the projects and plans that we now have under discussion.

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|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------|
| Received by Stephen S. Smith, Financial Agent of the American Home Missionary Society:                                       |        |
| San Francisco (the Lord's money). \$200.00                                                                                   |        |
| Berkeley, First Cong. church, to constitute Mrs. S. S. Merrill, Miss Emily B. Carter and Hubert F. Burgess life members..... | 94.50  |
| Copperopolis, Cong. church.....                                                                                              | 4.60   |
| Willits.....                                                                                                                 | 7.15   |
| Oakland, Plymouth-ave. church.....                                                                                           | 50.00  |
| Mercer Falls, Mrs. A. C. Nelson, Trinity Co., Mrs. J. O. Phillips.....                                                       | 2.50   |
| Little Shasta, Cong. church.....                                                                                             | 10.00  |
| San Francisco, Third Cong. church.....                                                                                       | 8.50   |
| Petaluma, Cong. church.....                                                                                                  | 50.00  |
| San Francisco, Green-street Cong. church Happy Band.....                                                                     | 6.05   |
| Santa Barbara, Cong. church.....                                                                                             | 50.00  |
| San Jose, Cong. church.....                                                                                                  | 55.00  |
| San Francisco, First Cong. church.....                                                                                       | 600.00 |
| Woodland, Cong. ch. S. S. S.....                                                                                             | 11.15  |
| Woodland, Cong. church.....                                                                                                  | 15.75  |
| San Juan, Dr. C. G. Cargill.....                                                                                             | 2.75   |
| \$1,172.95                                                                                                                   |        |

## Religious Intelligence.

### California.

The monthly meeting of the Congregational Associates will be held at No. 7 Montgomery avenue, on Friday, April 7th, at 3:30 p. m.

Major Whittle preached for Mr. Noble in Plymouth church, last Sabbath morning, and in the hall of the Y. M. C. A. in the afternoon.

The gospel meetings by Messrs. Whittle and McGranahan this week and next are at the "Mission." This week the Bible readings at 3 p. m. are in the Fifth Baptist Church. The evening meetings until Friday are in Grace M. E. church, on Mission, near 18th street. The Third and Bethany churches are uniting heartily in these meetings, with their beloved pastors, Beckwith and Pond. We hope that the pastors and members of all our churches in the city will attend the meetings of these last two weeks as often as they can.

It is understood that the Evangelists will commence meetings in Oakland, April 16th.

There was no meeting of the Congregational Club last Monday, on account of the meeting of the Bay Association.

The subject at the Club next Monday will be "The Revised Creed of the First Congregational church in this city." Deacon Chapin, of the First church, will introduce the subject.

The work in connection with Golden Gate church, Oakland, progresses. They have started a Sunday-evening meeting in connection with their new mission.

Mrs. Watkins, wife of Rev. D. F. Watkins, missionary in Mexico, spent last Sabbath at Petaluma.

Mr. Edward Kimball, well known as the successful helper to pay church debts, is stopping at the Occidental Hotel, this city. Last Sabbath he lifted the debt of the First Presbyterian church, Oakland, the amount being over \$20,000.

The Lord's Supper was celebrated at Bethany church, in this city, last Sunday morning, and three persons were received to membership on profession of faith. The pastor's sermon treated of the cup, as a symbol of the character, the sufferings and the joy of Christ as reproduced in those who are one with him.

Rev. Walter Frear preached in Berkeley, and Rev. Chas. A. Savage in West Oakland, last Sabbath morning.

Rev. Martin Post and Rev. Dr. Bushnell recently exchanged pulpits in San Jose.

Rev. A. Drahn has received an autographic letter from Mrs. Garfield, thanking him for his memorial sermon on President Garfield.

There were two additions to the Martinez church at recent communion. The pastor, Rev. A. Drahn, has been lecturing on spiritism at recent Sunday-evening services.

The San Jose church, Rev. Martin Post, pastor, held another of its bi-monthly missionary meetings last Sabbath evening. "Africa" was the subject. A paper which showed much patient research was read by Mr. J. W. Chandler, on "Reason for Seeking to Evangelize Africa." Another paper, written by Mrs. M. C. Hart, and read by Miss Lilian Stetson, on "The Personal and Missionary Life of Dr. Livingstone," was deeply interesting and instructive. "The Merry Workers" were also well represented by three of their number. These are among the most interesting meetings we have. The same field will be considered at our next meeting.

On Friday evening—Good Friday—there will be a union meeting in the Central Presbyterian Tabernacle, on Golden Gate avenue. Major Whittle will preach; subject, "The Passover," and Mr. McGranahan will sing appropriate songs. No mass meeting of Christian or other people in this city, as in most other large cities in the country, has been held to express sympathy with the persecuted Russian Jews. It is intended that this meeting shall take that character, and it is to be hoped that it will be largely attended by Christians, Jews, and all classes.

Palm Sunday was observed in the First Congregational church of this city. The pulpit platform was appropriately decorated with palms. The congregation was notable for its size and profound attention to the sermon on the occasion by Rev. C. D. Barrows. The theme was the Lord's entry into Jerusalem. The entrance of the silent rider into the city was graphically set forth; but that which touched the heart and thought of his large audience was the setting forth of Christ, the God-man, in his work of human redemption. As in Dr. Bushnell's celebrated "Tenth Chapter," the sermon Sunday morning distinguished the Lord not only as Divine, but whom to know and love was to reverence, adore and serve. The sermon in the evening was delivered in the presence of as large an assembly

as in the morning, ending weather, course on the B. comfort in the pr the book, as the must have gone was, as the Past "strong meat;" morning sermon, it." An Episcop wonder of wonde Congregational Good Friday!" propriate sermon, gest by the pa Lord, why not the Congregation appropriate wha source.

Other I. PRESBYTERIAN has left Stockton Grand Rapids, N. has been organiz called the Seven ian church. Th the organization, soon. Rev. A.

CUMBERLAND widow of the late seriously ill at H. Gillespie pres—Rev. W. visiting, for the San Jose, and is

METHODIST, again.—Rev. has been compell the present o—Rev. T. H. fatally shot him was once a Met Stockton charge. A good spirit has ings at Loyalton cert will be give in the Central M in aid of the chu

Y. The Members M. C. A. Hall, a very successful ing well filled fr musical and liter ried out in the of quettes, and and piano and z Miss Emma L sang two songs, a Miss Otis is a fir ing on this occas received by the Miss MacFarlan Neuf's zither solo ings were also h Rev. Dr. Beech Hall next Thurs at 7:30 o'clock. Volcanoes."

The various so ciation have be last week, and a terest manifested Mr. Blackburn ed the noonday and Mr. Johnson Friday.

Mr. McCoy, of tian Association, of Hope for boys boys between t seventeen in the noon, April 9th, parents will tak their boys.

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Eli Johnson, York State Tes author of a well People Drink, is doing good churches, societi in this State. T city is having a this city. The gressing. The Freedom and are opening the e ple to the neces mass meeting at night, under the Protection Assa fair. The hall speakers were cl The well known addressed the down the law f it must be obeye lowed on the st Freedom, and E

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Financial Missionary \$200.00

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**In Memoriam.**

By the death of Mrs. Snow, wife of  
Deacon C. J. Snow, Plymouth church  
has been again bereaved, and by this  
death has lost one of its original mem-  
bers, one who in its early history did  
much to lay the foundations of the new  
church. With a warm attachment to  
the mother church, the old First, with its  
beloved pastor, the Rev. E. S. Lacy, she  
brought conscientiously to the new  
enterprise, twenty years ago, all she  
had to give of time and energy.

In her youth she early united with  
the church in Lawrence, Mass., where she  
was active in the Sunday-school and in  
all its missionary work. In '54 she  
came, with her husband, to this city,  
and united with the Greenwich-street  
Congregational church, which was after-  
wards incorporated with another church;  
then with the First Congregational  
church of this city; then to her last  
church home, the Second church—now  
Plymouth—in which, in Sunday-school,  
and in all the benevolent work of the  
church, she entered with all her heart.  
And when laid aside by long years of ill-  
ness, her love and fellowship did not  
cease; and even after disease had taken  
hold of her, she was occasionally seen at  
its communion seasons. A cheerful,  
cordial, genial spirit had Mrs. Snow in  
her days of health—a quick and  
helpful sympathy for those in trouble and  
in sickness, and when her own time came  
there was no murmuring. Her trust in  
her Saviour was unclouded, and when

**COMPOUND OXYGEN**

**A NEW TREATMENT FOR Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Headache, Debility, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders.**

**ACTS DIRECTLY** upon the great nervous and organic centres, and cures all chronic diseases of revascularization.

**HAS EFFECTED REMARKABLE CURES**, which are **STRONGLY ENDORSED** by the most eminent medical authorities.

**THE OXYGEN HOME TREATMENT** contains two months' supply, with full directions for use.

**SENT FREE** a Treatise on Compound Oxygen, giving the history of this new discovery and a large record of most remarkable cures. Write for it. Address **DRS. STARKEY & PALLEN**, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**Depository on Pacific Coast.**

**WE HAVE ESTABLISHED A DEPOSITORY OF OUR COMPOUND OXYGEN HOME TREATMENT** at San Francisco, Cal. This will enable patients on the Pacific Coast to obtain it without the heavy express charges which accrue on packages sent from Eastern States. All orders directed to **H. E. MATTHEWS**, 606 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., will be filled on the same terms on which we fill orders sent directly to our office in Philadelphia. Patients ordering from our depository in San Francisco, should, at the same time, write to us, and give a statement of their case, in order that we may send such advice and direction in the use of the Treatment as their special disease may seem to require.

**From The Dalles, Oregon.**

DEAR PACIFIC: Sunday, the 5th in-  
stant, was one of our happy days, made so  
by the evidence of the growth of  
Christ's kingdom with us. Brother Gray's  
heart was made glad by the addition of  
thirteen members to his church, eleven  
of them by profession; one of the number  
came from the Sunday-school. In the  
evening the usual monthly missionary  
concert, for the benefit of the Oregon  
Home Missionary Society, was very en-  
joyable, and as a finishing stroke a col-  
lection was taken up, amounting to about  
\$50.

The Ladies' Aid Society, through  
their President, presented a beautiful  
double silver-plated communion set to the  
church, which in design is, to say the  
least, elegant, and was used for the first  
time in our morning communion service.

The temperance people are alive and  
at work here in endeavoring to crush the  
liquor traffic. The League is determined  
to enforce the laws on Sunday business  
as far as saloons are concerned. Petitions  
are being circulated and signed, asking  
the Legislature to change the State  
Constitution to prohibition of the  
"manufacture, sale, or the giving away,  
or offering to sell or give away any and  
all kinds of spirituous, vinous, malt, or  
any other intoxicating liquors, except for  
medical, scientific or mechanical pur-  
poses." They have a hard work before  
them, as the demon is legion, and they  
know it. The time is rapidly approach-  
ing when this curse of the land will be  
removed. It probably will not be in  
your or my day, but it will surely come.  
Oh, our Father, hasten it! B.

March 23, 1882.

**THE DELTA SIGMA LECTURES.**—In our  
last notice we prophesied a growing popu-  
larity for these lectures. The audience  
that gathered to hear Professor John Le  
Conte on last Thursday evening proved  
the correctness of our prophecy. The  
parlors were full of as intelligent and  
critical a body of people as ever gathered  
in these rooms.

"The Nebular Hypothesis" has been  
lectured on before, but the audience at  
this lecture was favored with the latest  
developments in this theory, and sub-  
stantiating facts, illumined by practical  
illustrations, were plentifully distributed.  
The Professor, warmed into scientific en-  
thusiasm by the vastness of his subject  
and the unfolding facts that are con-  
stantly being developed in the scientific  
world, held his audience for an hour and  
fifteen minutes deeply interested in a  
subject that is deep and abstruse to most  
minds. As the Professor dwelt on the  
creation of worlds, and showed that by  
recent observations strongest evidences  
exist that worlds were still being formed,  
his hearers were taken out of the borders  
of this mundane sphere and transported  
to the realms of space. The next lecture  
of the series will be given on April 27th,  
by Rev. C. D. Barrows, on "The Imagi-  
nation," and we bespeak to the first  
lecture of the new pastor a crowded audi-  
ence.

**Died.**

Snow.—In this city, March 31st, Mary J.,  
wife of Chester J. Snow, aged 51 years and  
7 months, a native of Quincy, Mass.

The correction of a strange mistake last  
week.

ROGERS.—In Burlington, Wis., March 18th,  
Gloriana Rogers, wife of James S. Rogers,  
in the 57th year of her age. Mrs. Rogers  
was the youngest sister of Henry Channing  
Beals of this city.

The British House of Commons has  
passed a bill authorizing the postoffice to  
issue a "Reply postal card," on which  
the person receiving it can return an an-  
swer without further payment.

**MOORE'S REMEDY**  
FOR  
**POISON OAK**  
AND ALL  
**SKIN DISEASES!**

The Great Destroyer of Pain, Irritation and  
Inflammation, whether caused by Poison Oak,  
Scalds, Burns, Cuts, Chafings, Fleas, Bug and  
Mosquito Bites, Sun Burns, Piles, etc., etc. An  
infallible cure. For sale by all Druggists, 25c.  
a Box. Redington & Co., Wholesale Druggists,  
San Francisco, Agents. ap5-6m

**The Most Thrilling Book of the Age.**  
**THE STORY OF THE \$250,000**  
By **MRS. ANNIE WILSON**  
WITTENMYER, the "Woman's Crusade."  
A record of one of the most wonderful movements  
in the world's history. — *Cleveland Earnest Christian.*  
"Reveals Uncle Tom's Cabin in many respects."  
— *Phila. Christian Woman.* Agents wanted.  
**JAS. H. EARLE**, 118 Washington Street, Boston.  
ap5-6t

**WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF**  
**PURE COD LIVER**  
**OIL AND LIME.**

**To Consumptives.**—Many have been  
happy to give their testimony in favor of the  
use of "Wilbor's Cod-Liver Oil and Lime." Experience  
has proved it to be a valuable remedy  
for Consumption, Asthma, Diphtheria, and  
all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Manu-  
factured only by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Bos-  
ton. Sold by all druggists.

**NICOLL THE TAILOR!**

(BRANCH OF NEW YORK.)

**PHELAN'S BUILDING,**  
**816 and 818 MARKET STREET,**

Cordially invites the public to visit his New Store, where they will see the Largest and Choice-  
Stock of English and Foreign Specialties in Woollens for the Spring season. Give us a call.  
Examine our New Styles, Prices and Quality. Civility to all. No trouble to show goods.  
Lightest and Largest Tailoring Establishment on the Coast.

**SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. STORE LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY.**

**TRADE MARK.**

**TO ORDER.**

Pants.....from \$5 00  
Suits....." 20 00  
Overcoats....." 15 00  
Dress Coats....." 20 00  
Genuine 6x Beaver Suits....." 60 00  
Black Doeskin Pants....." 7 00  
White Vests....." 3 00  
Fancy Vests....." 6 00

English Cords for Hunting Suits.

Samples, with Instructions for Self-Measurement, Sent Free

NICOLL THE TAILOR also invites attention to his Gents' Furnishing Department. Is the  
Largest Stock of the Finest Eastern-made Gents' Underwear, White and Colored Shirts, Cas-  
simeres and Blue Flannel Overshirts, Plain and Fancy Half-Hose, Neckwear, Suspenders, Handker-  
chiefs, Collars and Cuffs.

NICOLL THE TAILOR has a Large Stock of Gents' and Boys' Ready-Made Clothing of the  
Newest Patterns and Improved Styles of our own manufacture, and warranted shrunken. Men's  
Suits from \$15; Boys' Suits, Overcoats, Ulsters.

**NICOLL THE TAILOR,**  
**PHELAN'S BUILDING, MARKET STREET.**

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**KAST'S,**  
**738 Market St. 740**  
(Six doors nearer Kearny Street than our old store.)

**JUST RECEIVED, a FULL LINE of the ELEGANT**  
**DORÉ PARIS**  
**LADIES' AND CHILDRENS' SHOES!**

All Our Goods are Marked Down Cheaper than Ever.

**WE DEFY COMPETITION.**

**THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT**  
—OF THE—  
**New-York Life Insurance Co.**  
**OFFICE, 346 and 348 BROADWAY.**  
**JANUARY 1st, 1882.**

**Amount of Net Cash Assets, January 1st, 1881** - - - - - **\$41,344,126.85**

**REVENUE ACCOUNT.**

Premiums.....\$8,498,684.07  
Less deferred premiums January 1st, 1881.....387,972.13—\$8,060,711.94  
Interest and rents (including realized gains on real estate sold).....2,789,821.70  
Less interest accrued January 1st, 1881.....337,167.37—2,452,654.33—\$10,483,868.57  
**\$51,827,487.12**

**DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT.**

Losses by death (including Reversionary additions to same).....\$3,013,303.32  
Endowments matured and discounted (including Reversionary additions to same).....561,321.96  
Annuities, dividends, and returned premiums on cancelled policies.....2,513,601.94  
**Total Paid Policy Holders.....\$5,091,827.22** 231,773.34  
Taxes and re-insurances.....231,773.34  
Commissions, brokerages, agency expenses and physicians' fees.....1,901,037.59  
Office and law expenses, salaries, advertising, printing, etc.....379,890.21—\$6,907,490.36  
**\$45,130,006.86**

**ASSETS.**

Cash in bank, on hand, and in transit (since received).....\$1,271,588.41  
Invested in U. S., New York City and other stocks (market value, \$19,315,396.20) 17,316,311.42  
Real estate.....4,486,506.63  
Bonds and mortgages, first lien on real estate (buildings thereon insured for  
\$16,940,000.00), and the policies assigned to the Company as additional col-  
lateral security.....18,215,030.73  
Temporary loans (secured by stocks, market value, \$2,881,577.50).....2,378,000.00  
\* Loans on existing policies (the reserve held by the Company on these policies  
amounts to \$2,579,000).....545,237.94  
\* Quarterly and semi-annual premiums on existing policies, due subsequent to  
January 1st, 1882.....452,161.00  
\* Premiums on existing policies in course of transmission and collection (esti-  
mated reserve on these policies, \$900,000, included in liabilities).....227,032.97  
Agents' balances.....48,673.57  
Accrued interest on investments January 1st, 1882.....291,254.30—\$45,130,006.86  
\* A detailed schedule of these items will accompany the usual annual report  
filed with the Insurance Department of the State of New York.

**CASH ASSETS, JANUARY 1ST, 1882** - - - - - **\$47,228,781.64**

Appropriated as follows:

Adjusted losses, due subsequent to January 1st, 1882.....\$ 361,544.70  
Reported losses, awaiting proof, etc.....187,439.08  
Matured endowments, due and unpaid (claims not presented).....50,452.07  
Annuities, due and unpaid (not collected).....9,965.35  
Reserved for re-insurance on existing policies; participating insurance at 4 per  
cent., Carlisle net premium; non-participating at 5 per cent., Carlisle net  
premium.....39,716,408.63  
Reserved for contingent liabilities to Tontine Dividend Fund, over and above at  
4 per cent. reserve on existing policies of that class.....3,064,344.01  
Reserved for premiums paid in advance.....26,889.67  
**\$42,401,745.03**

Divisible Surplus at 4 per cent. - - - - - **4,827,036.61**  
**ESTIMATED SURPLUS BY THE NEW YORK STATE STANDARD, AT 4 PER CENT., OVER 10,000,000.00**

From the undivided surplus of \$4,827,036 the Board of Trustees has declared a Reversionary di-  
vidend to participating policies, in proportion to their contribution to surplus, available on settlement of  
next annual premium.

**DURING THE YEAR 9,941 POLICIES HAVE BEEN ISSUED, INSURING \$32,374,281.**

**Number of Policies in force—**

Jan. 1, 1878, 45,695  
Jan. 1, 1879, 45,045  
Jan. 1, 1880, 45,705  
Jan. 1, 1881, 48,548  
Jan. 1, 1882, 53,927

**Death claims paid—**

1877, \$1,638,128  
1878, 1,667,678  
1879, 1,569,854  
1880, 1,731,721  
1881, 2,012,263

**Amount at risk—**

Jan. 1, 1878, \$197,961,887  
Jan. 1, 1879, 195,232,144  
Jan. 1, 1880, 197,417,781  
Jan. 1, 1881, 195,736,816  
Jan. 1, 1882, 191,700,834

**Income from Interest—**

1877, \$1,867,457  
1878, 1,948,965  
1879, 2,053,020  
1880, 2,317,889  
1881, 2,432,654

**Divisible Surplus at 4 per cent—**

Jan. 1, 1878, \$2,964,144  
Jan. 1, 1879, 2,811,436  
Jan. 1, 1880, 3,129,571  
Jan. 1, 1881, 4,255,095  
Jan. 1, 1882, 4,827,036

**THEODORE M. BANTA, Cashier.**  
**D. O'DELL, Superintendent of Agencies.**  
**CHARLES WRIGHT, M. D., Medical Examiner.**  
**HENRY TUCK, M. D.**

**MORRIS FRANKLIN,**  
President.  
**WILLIAM H. BEERS,**  
Vice-President and Actuary.

**ALEX. G. HAWES, Manager for the Pacific Coast.**

**220 SANSOME ST. SAN FRANCISCO.**



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Eli Johnson, Secretary of the New York State Temperance Society, and author of a well-known book on "What People Drink, and How they Make it," is doing good work by addressing churches, societies and public meetings in this State. The Home Protection Society is having some splendid meetings in this city. The temperance work is progressing. The actions of the League of Freedom and of those connected with it are opening the eyes of some of the people to the necessities of the case. The mass meeting at Platt's Hall on Saturday night, under the auspices of the Home Protection Association was a grand affair. The hall was crowded and the speakers were eloquent and enthusiastic. The well known lawyer, H. E. Highton, addressed the meeting. He laid down the law fully and plainly, saying it must be obeyed, and Col. Babcock followed on the subject, "The League of Freedom, and Home Protection."

#### In Memoriam.

By the death of Mrs. Snow, wife of Deacon C. J. Snow, Plymouth church has been again bereaved, and by this death has lost one of its original members, one who in its early history did much to lay the foundations of the new church. With a warm attachment to the mother church, the old First, she brought conscientiously to the new enterprise, twenty years ago, all she had to give of time and energy. In her youth she early united with the church in Lawrence, Mass., where she was active in the Sunday-school and in all its missionary work. In '54 she came, with her husband, to this city, and united with the Greenwich-street Congregational church, which was afterwards incorporated with another church; then with the First Congregational church of this city; then to her last church home, the Second church—now Plymouth—in which, in Sunday-school, and in all the benevolent work of the church, she entered with all her heart. And when laid aside by long years of illness, her love and fellowship did not cease; and even after disease had taken hold of her, she was occasionally seen at its communion seasons. A cheerful, cordial, genial spirit had Mrs. Snow in her days of health—a quick and helpful sympathy for those in trouble and in sickness, and when her own time came there was no murmuring. Her trust in her Saviour was unclouded, and when

she was deprived of the power of speech, she often testified of her confidence in writing.

It was a home of mutual love and tenderness from which this patient sufferer has been removed, and the memories of her will be precious with those to whom this sorrow has come.

The funeral services were attended from the church of her love and by her pastor, the Rev. T. K. Noble, assisted by the Rev. John Kimball, who was pastor at the organization of the church. It may most truly be said of her, "She hath done what she could."

#### Oscar Wilde.

Here comes a young man, only 26 years of age, not eloquent, not brilliant, with no special attractions of person, bearing no weighty or novel message, and we see society moved to its depths and hungering after this foreigner, and hanging upon his words, and paying a good price too for the privilege. His name is Oscar Wilde. Years ago a really brilliant man, John Neal, went from Portland, Me., to Philadelphia, to lecture on "The Sublime and Beautiful." He engaged the finest hall in the city; spent much time in calling on prominent and influential families in that city, and made other efforts to interest the people in his grand and well-studied subject. With high expectations he went to the hall, and what did he find? Let his own words describe his experience. Said he: "How many do you suppose were there? Five hundred? No. Two hundred? No. One hundred? No. Fifty? No. Great Heavens! Not one!" Had he only uttered some rhyming nonsense about lilies and sun-flowers—affected some novelties of speech, and above all put on a so-called aesthetic dress, he would have found a throng awaiting him, each of whom would have paid a dollar and more, as they do now to this English gatherer of American shillings.

Oscar Wilde is coining money out of the foolish curiosity of fashionable American society. And as long as it is the fashion to cultivate this heavy-faced, tall British boy in knee-breeches and buckles, laces and flowers, chattering about some renaissance or other, he will go on filling his coffers, and chuckling to himself, saying, "The Yankees are bigger fools than I ever imagined them to be." For one, I wish the American people would give him the Philadelphia greeting to John Neal.

LOOKER-ON.

Rev. N. L. Rowell was installed Pastor of the Union Sq. Baptist Church in this city, last Thursday evening. Mr. Rowell left the prosperous church in Manchester, N. H., and accepted the earnest call to this church and entered upon his duties some months ago. The exercises at the installation were: Invocation by Rev. J. H. McCollough, Christian; Scripture Lesson, by Rev. W. C. Pond, who also presided over the meeting; Sermon, by Rev. Dr. M. M. Gibson, United Presbyterian; Installing Prayer, Rev. Jos. Rowell; Charge to the Pastor, Rev. W. E. Ijams; Right Hand of Fellowship, Rev. John Kimball; Address to the People, Rev. E. R. Dille, M. E. Church. Excellent music formed an important part of the services. The church building had been thoroughly renovated; the floral decorations tastefully arranged by the ladies of the congregation were many and beautiful. The sight of the large and intelligent audience in that beautiful audience-room must have greatly encouraged the heart of the new pastor. Mr. Rowell's services are already highly appreciated by his people, and new members are coming into the church. We trust the union now consummated will long continue, and that great blessings are in store for this old and honored church.

The services at Union-square Free Baptist church seem to be gaining rapidly in interest. The pastor, Rev. N. L. Rowell, preached from Col. iii. 11. Subject, "The Supremacy of Christ." The audience was large and appreciative, and at the close the right hand of fellowship was extended to those who had been baptized, and others who had joined by letter. The Lord's Supper was celebrated upon free communion principles, and a very impressive influence pervaded the entire service. At the evening meeting several persons asked the prayers of Christians, and seemed to be earnest inquirers after truth and what they must do to be saved.

Hon. John Wentworth of Chicago says that the first Protestant in this city was a Baptist, the first book written there was by a Baptist minister, and the first Protestant sermon preached there was by a Baptist minister, October 7, 1825.

The President has vetoed the Chinese Bill. The reasons therefor we have not learned as we go to press.

St. Louis, April 1st.—Two laborers digging a drain on the premises of James Haggerty, Collins street, to-day unearthed a large pot, tightly sealed, which proved to contain a large amount of English sovereigns; American silver dollars, and a lot of Continental currency. The money has not yet been counted, but there is probably \$20,000 to \$30,000 of the coin, which is dated last century. The currency bears the date of 1777. The house was occupied by Montgomery Blair many years ago, but afterward passed into the possession of Samuel Gaty.

The Committee of the Connecticut Legislature have unanimously agreed to report a resolution for a Constitutional Amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in that State. The measure must be approved by the present and the next Legislature and by the people at the polls, before Connecticut can thus literally become the "Land of Steady Habits."



Depository on Pacific Coast.

WE HAVE ESTABLISHED A DEPOSITORY OF OUR COMPOUND OXYGEN HOME TREATMENT at San Francisco, Cal. This will enable patients on the Pacific Coast to obtain it without the heavy express charges which accrue on packages sent from Eastern States. All orders directed to H. E. MATTHEWS, 608 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., will be filled on the same terms on which we fill orders sent directly to our office in Philadelphia. Patients ordering from our depository in San Francisco, should, at the same time, write to us, and give a statement of their case, in order that we may send such advice and direction in the use of the Treatment as their special disease may seem to require.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, Nos. 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

#### From The Dalles, Oregon.

DEAR PACIFIC: Sunday, the 5th instant, was one of our happy days, made so by the evidence of the growth of Christ's kingdom with us. Brother Gray's heart was made glad by the addition of thirteen members to his church, eleven of them by profession; one of the number came from the Sunday-school. In the evening the usual monthly missionary concert, for the benefit of the Oregon Home Missionary Society, was very enjoyable, and as a finishing stroke a collection was taken up, amounting to about \$50.

The Ladies' Aid Society, through their President, presented a beautiful double silver-plated communion set to the church, which in design is, to say the least, elegant, and was used for the first time in our morning communion service. The temperance people are alive and at work here in endeavoring to crush the liquor traffic. The League is determined to enforce the laws on Sunday business as far as saloons are concerned. Petitions are being circulated and signed, asking the Legislature to change the State Constitution to prohibition of the "manufacture, sale, or the giving away, or offering to sell or give away any and all kinds of spirituous, vinous, malt, or any other intoxicating liquors, except for medical, scientific or mechanical purposes." They have a hard work before them, as the demon is legion, and they know it. The time is rapidly approaching when this curse of the land will be removed. It probably will not be in your or my day, but it will surely come. Oh, our Father, hasten it!

B.

March 23, 1882.

THE DELTA SIGMA LECTURES.—In our last notice we prophesied a growing popularity for these lectures. The audience that gathered to hear Professor John Le Conte on last Thursday evening proved the correctness of our prophecy. The parlors were full of as intelligent and critical a body of people as ever gathered in those rooms.

"The Nebular Hypothesis" has been lectured on before, but the audience at this lecture was favored with the latest developments in this theory, and substantiating facts, illumined by practical illustrations, were plentifully distributed. The Professor, warmed into scientific enthusiasm by the vastness of his subject and the unfolding facts that are constantly being developed in the scientific world, held his audience for an hour and fifteen minutes deeply interested in a subject that is deep and abstruse to most minds. As the Professor dwelt on the creation of worlds, and showed that by recent observations strongest evidences exist that worlds were still being formed, his hearers were taken out of the borders of this mundane sphere and transported to the realms of space. The next lecture of the series will be given on April 27th, by Rev. C. D. Barrows, on "The Imagination," and we bespeak to the first lecture of the new pastor a crowded audience.

#### Died.

SNOW.—In this city, March 31st, Mary J., wife of Chester J. Snow, aged 51 years and 7 months, a native of Quincy, Mass.

The correction of a strange mistake last week.

ROGERS.—In Burlington, Wis., March 10th, Gloria Rogers, wife of James S. Rogers, in the 57th year of her age. Mrs. Rogers was the youngest sister of Henry Channing Beals of this city.

The British House of Commons has passed a bill authorizing the postoffice to issue a "Reply postal card," on which the person receiving it can return an answer without further payment.

#### MOORE'S REMEDY FOR POISON OAK AND OTHER SKIN DISEASES!

The Great Destroyer of Pain, Irritation and Inflammation, whether caused by Poison Oak, Scalds, Burns, Cuts, Chafings, Flea, Bug and Mosquito Bites, Sun Burns, Piles, etc., etc. An infallible cure. For sale by all Druggists, 25c a Box. Redington & Co., Wholesale Druggists, San Francisco, Agents. ap5-6m

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#### WILSON'S COMPOUND OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.

To Consumptives.—Many have been happy to give their testimony in favor of the use of "Wilson's Compound of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Lime." Experience has proved it to be a valuable remedy for Consumption, Asthma, Diphtheria, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Manufactured only by A. B. Wilson, Chemist, Boston. Sold by all druggists.

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#### To be Thought over.

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THE NEW REVISION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT for sale about May 20th. Prices from 15 cents to \$16.00.

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#### THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT

—OF THE—

## New-York Life Insurance Co.

OFFICE, 346 and 348 BROADWAY.

JANUARY 1st, 1882.

Amount of Net Cash Assets, January 1st, 1881 - \$1,344,120.85



## Communications.

## Musings.

BY W. H. T.

When from out my inmost soul  
Oleams of fancy flash in light,  
When the thrills of thought control  
Nerve and heart with soft delight,  
Then my spirit rises free,  
Into perfect liberty.

Heights all hitherto unseen,  
From the vista meet the gaze;  
Wondrous changes mark the scene,  
Radiant with mystic rays.  
A something 'yond the tongue or pen  
Moves my heart to feel for men.

I fain would rise, but feel the check  
That holds me to this restless earth;  
I know my time is but a speck,  
E'en at its full, of life's brief mirth.  
Yet in my soul I recognize  
A something I may not despise.

It is a wish born from above,  
To honor God and help mankind.  
This wish is based on Jesus' love,  
For in it much of Christ I find.  
God gives the thought and finds the way;  
"God will be done," I ever pray.

And I would fain be in the field,  
A soldier foremost in the fray;  
To fight and conquer, not to yield  
Until I pass in peace away.  
Then in the rank, within the line,  
All that I'd won I'd free resign.

All human glories sink in shade,  
And vainest is past apititude.  
The tints of fancy quickly fade,  
And vain are social rules and laws.  
One thing remains but to increase—  
It is the grace that bringeth peace.

If with this peace my eyes may roam  
O'er valleys fair and mountains grand,  
If I may truly claim a home  
With comforts true on every hand,  
Shall I content these gifts to me,  
And turn abject to misery?

No! "God forbid!" I love the flowers,  
But sometimes yearn for Paradise;  
With awe look on historic towers,  
But turn to "mansions in the skies."  
The mirrored clouds the sea reflects  
For grander views my soul rejects.

My heart goes out to friends of earth,  
But not as to my soul's best friend.  
I prize the cordial gift of worth,  
And from it oft in thought ascend.  
It seems to me that God designed  
True human love for humankind.

And he who loves the "Christ of God"  
Will love the creature he has given.  
Like "Abon Ben" we serve the Lord  
When we would make of earth a heaven.  
Faith works by love; love never dies,  
And love to God no work denies.

Then freely give as you receive.  
The stream will keep below its spring.  
With selfish thought no longer grieve  
The Lord, whose grace you fain would bring.  
The mist of time will soon be gone,  
And night recede before the dawn.

Rise up, my soul! go on thy way;  
"Keep to the right," leave care behind;  
The word of God will prove a stay,  
And Christ a friend in need you'll find.  
The end will truth of God attest;  
Go do thy part, leave God the rest.

March 19, 1882.

## The Producers of Wealth.

NUMBER TWO.

BY P. PETROFF, A RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN.

Matt. vi: 19-21: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth: \* \* \* but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven: \* \* \* for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also," etc.

Matt. xvi: 26: "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" etc.

Matt. xix: 23-24: "Then said Jesus unto his disciples: Verily I say unto you, that a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven. And again I say unto you, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God," etc.

Verily, every sentence uttered by the blessed Saviour of mankind sounds like the sweetest voice from heaven, and is the purest balm for the bruised human heart. But in what striking contrast to the soothing and balmy words of the holy gospel are the coarse and gloomy axioms of the moral philosophy of man, viz., "Money is the root of all evil"; money is the most powerful factor invented by the Prince of Darkness to secure the habitation—a Russian maxim. Now, money, in abstract, is as harmless as any other inanimate material object; whence, then, emanate those forcible exhortations and admonitions of our Saviour, and the assertions of moral philosophy, as denunciatory warnings against money? They arise from a fact that money, in its functions as a medium of exchange, comes to be the most effective tool tending to the commission of all crimes imaginary, and exercises that power most effectively.

As the social and politico-economical relations of one man to another, throughout the whole civilized world (and partially in some semi-civilized parts), have shaped themselves in the course of the progressive advancement of the human race, and are standing at present in such a condition, that money is almost more indispensable for the sustenance of one's life than daily bread itself; hence it is obvious that man will be apt to commit any vicious act whatsoever, for the sake of acquiring it; or man will be willing, under certain circumstances, to worship the "golden calf" in preference to all things sublime—visible or invisible. And the harder the acquisition of money in a proper way, so much the more will man be apt to resort to illegitimate and criminal ways and means to obtain it.

These lamentable wrong conditions—wrong because in flagrant violation of all the laws and commandments of God, revealed to man in previous dispensations, and utterly contrary to all the doctrines of the holy gospel of our Saviour—were shaped and perfected under the sway of the monarchical system of government; which—based and founded upon arbitrary might, demanded laws by which the masses of the people constituting the

physical power—should be under the perfect control of a few privileged (aristocracy) individuals with exalted political power to constitute the support of the Government. Hence, laws were adopted and framed by which the privileged class of the nation was empowered to reap all the fruits of labor and production, and thereby be politically powerful and mighty; whereas the bulk of the people had to be kept in ignorance and poverty, hence in slavery, as the empty stomach is the most powerful subjugator. This is the main strength of that system, and without adherence to it a monarchy cannot be sustained.

The system of a Republican or Democratic form of government is entirely antipodal to the monarchical; being based and founded upon the principles of justice and the inherent rights of every individual being (according to the laws of God). Its whole moral strength is in the unity attained by brotherly love; the absolute political equality of all, constituting the strength of the Government. And this unity creates the impregnable physical power of a Republic. Hence, without a sacred adherence to and preservation of these fundamental principles, the life of a Republic cannot be preserved for many years.

Now, our system of government, in its organic form—the purest Republican—is founded upon the very doctrines of the holy gospel of Jesus Christ. He is the founder of our era; hence, the system of our government belongs to our era, and the monarchical system does not belong to it, and will pass away during the next century throughout the old world.

Thus we come to comprehend that our policy and politico-economical conditions must be antipodal to the monarchical, because the systems of government are themselves antipodal. Hence, what is good for the former must necessarily be destructive to the latter. But what have we witnessed during the last fifteen years? The constant springing up of enormous monopolistic corporations of every conceivable shape and design, until at present the whole country is overwhelmed with them; and being empowered by the laws of the country to swallow up more than two-thirds of all the wealth produced, thereby creates individual possessors of millions and millions of wealth, concentrated in private possession, and the bulk of the nation (the laboring and producing classes) are being fast reduced to the same condition in which the masses of the old world have been groaning and struggling for so many centuries past. This condition of things looks as though we were falling back into the very slums, out of which to extricate themselves the nations of the old world are sacrificing every year so many human lives, and out of which the fathers of this country extricated themselves and their posterity. There is something of solemn warning and admonition upon our Eastern shores around the historic and memorable "Old Plymouth." The epitaph in Latin upon the monument of Governor William Bradford, read: "What has been secured with so much hardship, do not basely surrender." It would be well for some calling themselves citizens of this Republic to remember these solemn words oftener, and meditate more upon them.

It is obvious to the mind of every intelligent reader, thinker and observer, that the laws and commandments of God, in the scriptures, as also all other moral restrictions, are inadequate, and if I may be permitted so to say, utterly powerless to hold certain classes of humanity in proper limits as to their actions towards their fellow-men. They, being blinded by mad ambition and an unnatural greed for the inordinate accumulation of wealth, notwithstanding all strenuous exertions on the part of spiritual and moral tutors, would, nevertheless, prefer rather to make of themselves a scourge to mankind for the sake of their accumulations, than to remain as friends and brothers to their fellow-beings. Hence, it is of the utmost importance to adopt and ingraft such restrictive civil laws as shall make it impossible for the monopolistic corporations to absorb all the fruits of labor and production into the private possession of a few individuals, and to stop the impoverishment of the bulk of the nation. These laws, of necessity, will operate harmoniously with the teachings of the holy gospel of our Saviour (above quoted); as no man can attend to his spiritual part when all his faculties must be employed in providing means for the sustenance of his body. And such laws, the national party, organized by the laboring and producing classes of our country, by its adopted principles and platform, is resolved and determined to attain and ingraft.

Therefore, no sincere believer in the word of God, and no true lover of his country and freedom, can conscientiously withhold his support from and co-operation with the movement of the wealth-producing classes of our nation; because it is being done for the mutual good and benefit of all, not excepting the monopolist himself.

Moreover, the refusal to co-operate with them in the limits of law, would be but a direct disobedience to the command of our Saviour, who says (Matt. vii: 21): "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, will enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven," etc. The will of our heavenly Father is explicitly expressed in the second of the two greatest commandments (Matt. xxii: 39): "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." And to prove and manifest our love to our neighbors (fellow-beings) we can in no other way than to do what we can for the amelioration of the conditions of those whom we can help, or who are unjustly oppressed or wronged.

In our next we will try to find out how our present politico-economical conditions bear themselves towards the incoming generations.

## A Successful Colored Man in China.

From the other side of the globe, the "Flowery Kingdom" of China, comes the story of a remarkable business success of a full-blooded negro, whose energy and honesty are worth imitation. His name is A. S. Butler, and his father a preacher in Washington, D. C. Educated in Paris, he readily learned to speak French, Italian, German and Spanish. Mr. Burlingame, the former U. S. Minister to China, met Butler in Paris, made him his private secretary, and took him to China, where by diligence he soon learned to speak the Chinese language. After some time, he left the service of the American embassy and went into business in one of the great American trading houses. Still later, he went into the service of the "Shanghai Navigation Company," where he learned the steamship business. Some of the rich natives organized the "China Merchants' Steamship Company," bought the Shanghai company vessels, and Butler went into their employ. At the first Europeans were put in the most responsible positions, but they generally tried to rob the Chinese, and the steamships were run at a loss. Finally the negro, Butler, becoming known as a perfectly honest and capable man, was put in charge of one of the most important departments, and was told to reorganize the whole. He brought system and order into the business, introduced economy, enforced discipline, and rivalled the Europeans in their steamship service. After two years, this company, instead of losing money, has earned over a million dollars net profit.

The Chinese president of the company says that Butler is considered a safe adviser, a man of great ability, and more than all, a thoroughly honest man. The company already own thirty-six steamers and besides the China coast trade, are beginning to get hold of the vast trade of the Pacific Ocean, hitherto controlled by Americans and Europeans. A vast coal mine has lately been opened, and a canal eighty miles long is built to carry coal to the ocean. In all these magnificent enterprises, Mr. Butler is a leading man.

The writer of the above sketch from which the above account is condensed, is Mr. W. N. Armstrong, the son of a missionary to the Sandwich Islands, now traveling with King Kalakaua of those islands as his secretary, on a tour around the world. Mr. Armstrong continues: "There is a lesson in Butler's life. He fought for his position and won it. He did not sulk for it, or cry for it, or beg for it—he commanded it. He made himself the peer of men about him, and they acknowledged it, as all men will admit it, when forced to meet the matter. Men sought him, as they always will seek men who have advantages, either in brains or experience. Interested as I am in the negro question, it was to me a most important incident to meet on the seaboard of the great Chinese empire, an American negro, educated, capable, doing his work well, and a leader among men."

What are the secrets of this man's success? Not birth, nor fortune, nor political office-seeking, but instead, a good education, faithfulness, energy, and incorruptible honesty. Young men, remember.—Helping Hand.

## The Triumph of Christianity.

The following passage is quoted by the London Quarterly Review, with the remark, that, "for the commendation of its wide historic survey, and its vigorous and glowing eloquence, it is one of the finest in the whole range of literature."

"It arose in an enlightened and skeptical age; but among a despised and narrow-minded people. It earned hatred and persecution at home by its liberal genius and opposition to the national prejudices; it earned contempt abroad by its connection with the country where it was born, but which sought to strangle it in its birth. Emerging from Judea, it made its onward march through the most polished regions of the world—Asia Minor, Egypt, Greece, Rome—and in all it attracted notice and provoked hostility. Successive massacres and attempts at extermination, persecuted for ages by the whole force of the Roman Empire, it bore without resistance, and seemed to draw fresh vigor from the axe; assaults in the way of argument, from whatever quarter, it was never ashamed or unable to repel, and whether attacked or not it was resolutely aggressive. In four centuries it had pervaded the civilized world; it had mounted the thrones of the Caesars; it had spread beyond the limits of their sway, and had made inroads upon barbarian nations whom their eagles had never visited; it had gathered all genius and all learning into itself, and made the literature of the world its own; it survived the inundation of the barbarian tribes, and conquered the world once more by converting its conquerors to the faith; it survived an age of barbarism; it survived the restoration of letters; it survived an age of free inquiry and skepticism, and has long stood its ground in the field of argument, and commanded the intelligent assent of the greatest minds that ever were; it has been the parent of civilization, and the nurse of learning, and if light and humanity and freedom be the boast of modern Europe, it is to Christianity that she owes them. Exhibiting in the life of Jesus a picture, varied and minute, of the perfect human united with the divine, in which the mind of man has not been able to find a deficiency or detect a blemish—a picture copied from no model and rivalled by no copy—it has accommodated itself to every clime; it has retained through every change a salient spring of life, which enables it to throw off corruption and repay decay, and renew its youth, and outward hostility and inward divisions."

But two of Daniel Webster's family are now living. They are Samuel Appleton and Mrs. Jerome Bonaparte, the children of the statesman's daughter Julia.

## Power of Prayer.

A notable instance of praying to God, and resolving to take no denial, was that of the pious wife of a hard-drinking man named Martin, in West Riding, Yorkshire, England, who prayed twenty-one years for his reformation and conversion.

When that long time had passed, and no answer had come to her prayers, she went one night, at midnight, to the "public" where her husband spent much of his time, and found him sitting in the bar-room with several other men and the landlady.

"You go home," said Martin, roughly, when he saw his wife enter.

"Wait a little, and your husband will go with you," said the landlady.

"Mrs. Tolman," replied the poor wife, advancing to the table where they were sitting, "I have waited twenty-one years for my husband to 'go with me'—and all that time I have prayed for him."

She steadied her voice, and added: "I am certain, too, that God will answer my prayers. As sure as he is sitting in your bar, I shall live to see him pass your house and have no inclination to go in."

She turned to go out, and Martin rose and followed her, saying not a word.

That night was the turning point in his life. The long felt promise to the heart of the pious wife that her husband should "go with her" began to fulfill to her patient waiting.

He went to meeting with her, and was melted by a sermon on the words, "Where thou goest, I will go, . . . thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God"; he went with her to the family altar; he went with her on the road to life, and helped her to lead their children in the narrow way.

## Power in the Pulpit.

The main and all-essential truth upon this subject—though it seems to receive little practical recognition just now, either from preachers or churches—is, that all fitness to preach comes to a man a *gracious gift*—the power that makes human preaching effectual is a power not inherent in the man, but imparted from without, that is from above. Though a man have natural endowments above all others around him, and though his acquired talents may be many and rare, yet all these are but human, and are unequal to the great requirements of the gospel ministry. Allow the preacher all these superior points, yet if he have these *only*, and does not have the purifying unction of the Holy Ghost, he will find that however much he possesses, he is yet lacking in the very thing that gives efficiency in preaching. Whatever else is present touching his qualification to preach the truths of salvation, he will find that the prime thing is absent, viz.: the *power* that makes these truths efficient and saving.—Selected.

## Preaching.

What is it to preach the gospel? It is to unfold the truth as it is in Jesus to the apprehension of the mind, and then to apply it to the conscience. Only this, and nothing more. This circumscribes the scope of the pulpit. This defines its mission. Sensational preaching, therefore, is tabooed. The discussion of sensational matter is not preaching the gospel. It is reprehensible. It scandalizes or charlatizes the pulpit. A boor with slang, or a clown with comedy, or an acrobat with antics, is out of place in the sacred desk.

The first quality in a minister is to be a Christian; the second, a gentleman; third, a preacher of righteousness. Violating either of the canons, he is a defaulter. Seeking sensual effects at the sacrifice of either of these is charlatanism. I am not justifying stupidity or impotence. Ordained dullness is impeachable. God is not pleased with empty skulls or stupid brains. Nor is he pleased to have the pulpit—where heaven and earth meet to debate the issues of eternity in the presence of immortal souls—made the theater of buffoonery, or the platform of a ranting anecdote-monger.

Earthly things must remind us of heavenly. We must translate the book of nature into the book of grace.—*Thomas Taylor*.

The seed which is sown to come, and will yield the heaviest harvest irrespective of country, climate, or soil, is wheat—wild oats. If a man once sows wild oats, there is only one way to lose a harvest, and that is by dying before the harvest comes.—*Golden Rule*.

Temptation is far better shunned than grappled with. We may get strength by a victorious encounter, and so gain the battlefield. "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation." But we may be worsted in the trial, and so get the spoils of the conquered—wounds and bruises and dishonor. South says, truly: "To grapple with temptation is a venture; to fly from it is a victory."

"Wrought into gold! Ye that pass down life's hours

So carelessly

Might make your dreary ways so beautiful with flowers.

If ye would try

Then every gentle deed we've done, and every kind word given,

Wrought into gold, would make us wondrous rich in heaven."

It is good for a man to be checked, crossed, disappointed, made to feel his own ignorance, weakness, folly; made to feel the need of God; to feel that, in spite of all his cunning and self-confidence, he is no better off in this world than in a dark forest, unless he has a Father in heaven who loves him with an eternal love; and a Holy Spirit in heaven who will give him a right judgment in all things; and a Saviour in heaven who can be touched with the feeling of his infirmities.—*Charles Kingsley*.

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## Dame Dorothy's Geese.

A TRUE STORY BY MARY DYNON REESE.

Dame Dorothy lived by herself, all alone. She had neither husband nor children to please. She had nothing in which her affection to place, excepting a flock of most beautiful geese. She gave them her time and her tenderest care. She was fond of the geese, they were fond of the dame. At each click of the latch, when she opened the door, Each flew to her side, as if called by its name.

Now the dame was sore ailing, she never was well. 'Twas a cough that had troubled her many a day. All the doctors in town with their plasters and pills Had never been able to drive it away.

But at last came a friend with a positive cure Which never had failed, it was simple and cheap. Nothing more than a lot of wild cherries and bark. Put into a lot of good brandy to steep.

She was ordered to drink it early and late, So she took it at night, and she took it by day. Till the brandy was gone, but alas! not her cough. And disgusted she flung the soaked cherries away.

Now the geese, ever watching for something to eat, Saw the cherries come down, and lo! in a trice They gobbled them up with such cackling and greed That meant in goose language, "Dear me, oh, how nice!"

Very soon they grew noisy, and silly as well. Such antics they cut as they waddled around; They hissed and they screamed, they quarrelled and fought. Till helpless they fell, one by one, to the ground.

Now the dame was much grieved, and sore frightened beside. "They are poison," she cried, I am sure that was true. She wept for her darlings, bemoaning her loss; Then she thought of the feathers, and what did she do

But lift each one tenderly into her lap. And pluck off its feathers with many a sigh. Then naked and limp, what was left of each goose She tearfully tossed on the common to die.

Very soon all were dead, yes, dead drunk, and they lay Till the chill of the morning awoke them outright. How silly they looked and how foolish they felt. For never had geese been in such a sad plight.

Each looked at his neighbor, all anxious to learn The cause that such terrible change could produce. Then hid to the pond each to see for himself. What brandy would do for the highest toned goose.

You know it is common for men who are wise, To drink day by day, and their families abuse. But for sensible geese to get humanly drunk, And suffer so much, was there any excuse?

Now children, no matter who takes the vile stuff, To eat or to drink it, whichever they please, It will bring them to nakedness, shame and disgrace. Just the same as it did poor Dorothy's geese.

## Carrie's Decision.

"Oh, dear, it's pleasant, and it will be just perfectly elegant this evening," said Carrie Leonard, turning away from her window with a sigh and a very long face. There was to be a concert in Madison that evening, a remarkably fine one by the best talent, and Ned Wilmer had invited her to go. Given—the prospect of a "perfectly elegant" evening, full moon, capital sleighing, a four-mile ride in excellent company with a rare musical treat at the end of it—and can you possibly imagine what one could find to sigh and look doleful about? But you see it was Thursday.

"Prayer and conference meeting as usual on Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock."

That was the notice read on Sabbath, and therein lay the secret of Carrie's sigh. It was only a few weeks before that she had publicly confessed her love for Christ, and her earnest desire and purpose to please Him in all things. It had slipped her mind what evening it was, when she had accepted the invitation. And now, what should she do?

She knew just how Ned would look, how sarcastically he would smile when she told him why she could not go. And yet how many, many times in the olden days they two had commented on the inconsistencies of Christians. Ned had been away; she did not know whether he had been told of her change or not. Somehow she had not had courage to speak of it herself, though they had compared notes on all other topics. Oh dear, what should she do!

"If Ned knows I profess to be a Christian, I'm very sure that though he may be vexed, still, after all, clear down in his heart, he will think I ought to stay at home and be in my place."

But how could she give up the treat? And how could she tell him? Her face grew hot at the very thought of his mocking smile. She had hoped it would be stormy, so that it would be impossible to go. She had felt that she should look upon her sickliest sick-headache as a positive godsend; anything, in fact, she thought, would be welcome that would decide the question for her. But never had she felt better in her life, and not a cloud was to be seen. She must decide herself whether she would confess her Saviour, or deny Him.

"But," she thought, brightening up, "I do not see why I need worry and fret so. It cannot be wrong, after all, to go; for Deacon Smith and his wife are going; and Mame Trask, Will Sheldon, and Mr. and Mrs. Fisk too, and every one of them church members. The idea of my being so foolish as to think it wrong! And banishing all her scruples, she went about setting her room to rights—her face bright with pleasant anticipations for the evening's enjoyment.

But when she came to sit down to her morning's reading, her expression changed; for this was the very first verse her eyes rested upon: "What is that to thee? Follow thou me." After all, what was it to her whether everyone else went or not—she was to follow Him, not others. But how she did hate to give it up!

Then, too, there was Ned. If he was not a Christian—she pleaded—she wanted to influence him to be. Would it not prejudice him against religion, if she should excuse herself from going on account of prayer-meeting? "What is that to thee? Follow thou me." The words fairly rang in her ears. It was not anything to her; her part was to follow Christ. He would take care of the rest.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Ned Wilmer in surprise, as he let fall a dainty little note from his hands that noon. "Plague take it!" he said impatiently, as he picked it up again.

An hour afterwards, he added to himself, over his books and papers: "But it was plucky in her, after all, and I respect her for it. I always said, if I was a Christian, I would be up to the mark. I hate half-way work—but I wish she'd let me alone!" And then Ned tried to put all his thoughts upon his work. But there was an earnest little plea in the note he had thrown so impatiently aside, that would not be forgotten. In fact, the harder he tried to forget about it, the more persistently he remembered; and at last he gave it up in despair.

"And only to think," said Carrie afterwards, "the very thing I was afraid would prejudice him, influenced him most of all, he says. I believe, after all, it was Satan put that thought into my head; for I do believe if only I follow Christ closely, every thing will end right."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

## A Weasel's Wit.

A man in California who has been greatly troubled by rats in his barn, found them gradually disappearing, and was puzzled how to account for it. The mystery was thus explained.

The gentleman finally discovered the cause of their probable disappearance in a very wide-awake weasel which was engaged at the time in a vigorous combat with an unusually large-sized rat.

The latter proved too much for his adversary, and finally chased his weaselship out of the barn. A few mornings later the gentleman found the same animals engaged in a similar battle.

The weasel at last ran away as before, and the rat followed in hot pursuit. This time, however, the weasel ran into a hole it had burrowed through a pile of hardened compost.

The hole was quite large at the entrance, but the outlet was scarcely large enough to admit the passage of the weasel's body.

The weasel darted into the hole, with the rat at his heels. A moment later the weasel emerged from the other side, ran quickly around the compost pile, and again entered the hole, this time in the enemy's rear.

The gentleman, interested in the proceedings, watched the place some time, and found that only the weasel came out.

Digging into the compost, he found the rat quite dead and partly eaten. The weasel had arranged his trap so that the rat would enter, but becoming closely wedged in the narrow portion of the hole, could be attacked at a disadvantage and easily killed.—*Ec.*

## Cigarette-Consumed Youth.

Like a midnight apparition that cannot be shaken off, the cigarette-consuming young man haunts one daily in the streets and nightly in the theaters and saloons. His sallow countenance, betokening the signs of approaching dissolution, appears ever and anon between the masses of death-laden smoke which arises and is wafted into the faces of healthy pedestrians, causing sensations of a sickly nature. The smile with which he greets you is only an alleged smile, and the hollow voice which utters his equally hollow words grates on the ear and makes one think of how a skull might talk if skulls were gifted with speech. His walk is a totter, his breath savors of the charnel house and his eyes wear a pitiful, painful, idiotic look. The rising generation promises to be largely composed of the cigarette-consuming young men unless stringent measures are taken to counteract existing tendencies. It were better that Mother Shipton had been right, or that the sun hurry up and reach the earth, than that such a result transpire. It would be vastly better for the young man to be sun-consumed than cigarette-consumed. The cigarette-consuming young man is a bore, and the world is tired of seeing him around.

A Christian mother, when praying beside her little boy, had mentioned his name in her prayer. Upon rising from his knees he said: "I am glad you told Jesus my name, for when he sees me coming he will say, 'Here comes little Willie Johnson.' But Jesus knew Willie by name before his mother prayed for him."

Conjugal Amenities.—"Do you know in what month of the year my wife talks the least?" "Well, I suppose when she catches cold and loses her voice." "Not at all. It is in February." Why is that?" "Because February has the fewest days."

## Only a Pin.

"Only two or three days ago an overseer in the mills found a pin which cost the company about three hundred dollars."

"Was it stolen?" asked Susie. "I suppose it must have been very handsome. Was it a diamond pin?"

"Oh, no my dear, not by any means. It was just such a pin as people buy every day, and use without stint. Here is one upon my dress."

"Such a pin as that cost three hundred dollars!" exclaimed John. I don't believe it."

"But mamma says it's a true story," interposed Susie.

"Yes, I know it to be true, and this is the way the pin happened to cost so much. You know that calicoes, after they are printed and washed, are dried and smoothed by being passed over heated rollers. Well, by some mischance, a pin dropped so as to lie upon the principal roller, and indeed became wedged into it, the head standing out a little way from the surface."

Over and over went the roller, and round and round went the cloth, winding at length upon still another roller, until the piece was measured off. Then another piece began to be dried and wound; and so on until a hundred pieces had been counted off. These were not examined immediately, but removed from the machinery and laid aside.

When at length they came to be inspected, it was found that there were holes in every piece throughout the web, and only three quarters of a yard apart. Now, in each piece there were from thirty-five to forty-five yards, and at twelve cents a yard, that would count up to about five hundred dollars.

Of course, the goods could not be classed as perfect goods, so they were sold as remnants, at less than half the price they would have brought had it not been for that hidden pin.

Now, it seems to me, when a boy takes for his companion a profane swearer, a Sabbath-breaker, or a lad who is untruthful, and a little girl has for her playmate one who is unkind or disobedient, or in any way a wicked child, they are like the roller which took to its bosom the pin. Without the roller being able to help it, often the evil influence clings to them, and leaves its marks upon everybody with whom they come in contact.

That pin damaged irreparably four thousand yards of new prints; but bad company has ruined thousands of souls for whom Christ died. Remember 'one sinner destroyeth much good'; therefore avoid evil companions."—*Child's Treasury.*

The Southern Pacific Railroad is being built through Texas as rapidly as possible. Two construction gangs, consisting in all of 2,000 men, are at work; one having started from El Paso, and the other working westward from San Antonio. It is thought that these two divisions will meet at the Pasos river, which is about 130 miles from San Antonio and 400 miles from El Paso. On the El Paso end of the line over 253 miles of track have been completed, and the work is going on at the rate of about a mile and a half a day. The country is wild and mountainous; deep ravines and gulches abound, and mountain streams run through precipitous canyons. A still worse country for railroad work will be met with in about thirty days, if the present rate of construction is maintained, but the engineers will continue to push steadily forward as fast as possible. English steel rails are used in the construction of this road, and most of the supplies are brought from this city. A few things are obtained from Los Angeles and the southern country, and some hay and forage for the stock are obtained by the men from the country through which they are passing.

In Lewiston and Auburn—two contiguous Maine cities of twenty-eight thousand population—there were last year only three arrests for drunkenness to every thousand of the population, against thirty arrests to every thousand in Lowell, a Massachusetts city of similar pursuits and population; and in the three Maine counties of Androscoggin, Franklin and Oxford, only one and a half arrests for drunkenness to every thousand of population. Statistics show less crime to-day in Maine than in any other State in the Union. The number of State prison convicts in Maine is one to every thirty-two thousand of population—in New Hampshire, one to nineteen hundred—in Vermont, one to eighteen hundred—in Massachusetts, one to twenty-two hundred—in Connecticut, one to twenty-one hundred—in New York, one to fourteen hundred.

The Rev. Arthur Annieseed, of Utica, is a disciple of Wilde, and is pronounced by his lady parishioners a very zealous of poetic piety. His preaching is very delicate. Last Sunday he read a portion of Sacred Virg detailing a rehearsal of Jonah's submarine adventures. "We come now to Jonah," said Arthur, "who passed three days and three nights in the whale's—ahem—society."

## OUT OF THE SHADOWS.

Rise up out of the shadows, my heart, and come with me; You are young and strong and buoyant. What is one storm to a sea?

What is one snow to the violets? What is one frost to the rose? Next June it is all forgotten. Except—only God, He knows.

And the shadows, why should you love them? They are damp and chill and grim; They take all warmth and brightness from heart and brain and limb. Come out, O heart, in the sunshine; in this golden, laughing light Lift up your voice and thank the good God that it is not always night!

—Fanny Driscoll.

We rise by the things that are under our feet; By what we have mastered by greed or gain, By the pride deposited and the passion slain, And the vanquished ill that we hourly meet.

## Farmers Should Look

TO THEIR INTERESTS IN BUYING

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To Get the Best.

The following well-known implements will be recognized as the Best in the Market, all of them having been awarded the

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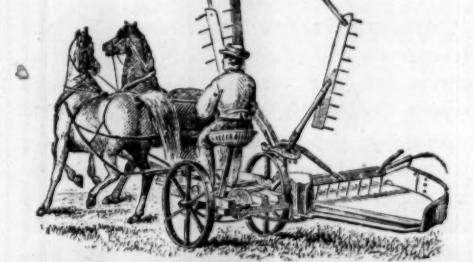
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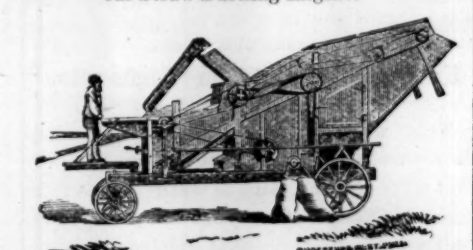
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mar29-1y



## The Pacific.

Pacific Coast.  
CITY.

It is again stated that the work of transforming the Market Street Railroad into a cable road will soon begin, the work to include a cable line on Haight street.

Mr. Drew, Mr. Poole's successor as United States Marshal for this District, has entered upon the duties of his office. No intimation has yet been given publicly as to what changes will be made in the office.

The Ward collection of casts, bones and minerals on exhibition in Mercantile Hall for weeks past has become the property of the Academy of Sciences by the gift of \$16,000 from Messrs. Stanford and Crocker.

For the first time since the organization of the Merchants' Exchange, that institution was closed last Sunday, the following announcement on the door explaining it: "Closed on account of the Sunday law."

March 30th the Chinese merchants formally opened their new Merchants' Exchange, which they have been organizing for some time. The objects of the Association are to bring their business houses into closer relationship, and to protect themselves from many impositions which they say the white people have subjected them to. The Exchange will be supported by a yearly assessment. Wing Tse Jan is the first President, and Quon Tan Tee the Vice-President. The Exchange has other officers, directors and committees, the same as other corporations.

### STATE AND COAST.

F. Ball was convicted in Oakland by a jury of violating the Sunday law.

March 16th the snow was seventeen feet deep at Plumas City, six feet at Sierra City, and from six to eight feet at Forest City.

EMIGRANT GAP, March 31.—The snow-fall for March was eight feet eight inches; the greatest depth of snow during the winter was March 20th, ten feet. The present depth of snow is five feet.

TUCSON, April 3d.—General Sherman and party reached Fort Grant on the 1st instant, and left on the 3d for Fort Thomas, from whence they go to the San Carlos Indian Agency. He thinks he will know the geography and existing resources of Arizona before his visit is over. General Wilcox and staff accompany him throughout the Territory.

Information from Guaymas is to the effect that there are three vessels there unloading railroad ties, and three more expected. The railroad company is now working from both ends, and the road will probably be completed to Calabasas (A. T.), by the 1st of May.

Weather in Arizona is cloudy, with indications of rain.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 21st.—The steamship *George W. Elder*, which sailed from this port Monday for Victoria, B. C., took with her as passengers forty carpenters, who had been engaged in Canada by A. Onderdonk, the Canada Pacific Railroad contractor, for a period of three years, to work on those sections of the railroad named which are covered by his contracts. These carpenters will receive \$3 per day during the period of their contracts. They took with them their kits of tools, which were bulky enough to fill a large dray. They will be employed in bridge-making, etc.

WINNEMUCCA, March 30th.—There have been washouts at various places along the Central Pacific east of this place for a week past. Those causing the delay at present are west of Humboldt Wells, where eight or ten miles of road is under water in the afternoon. To fully understand the situation, it should be known that the winter has been the severest experienced in eastern Nevada since its settlement. The snow accumulated in the mountains and foothills, and these warm days it melts and rushes down into the valleys in the afternoons. Every ravine is a roaring torrent, and where the culverts are too small the water runs over the track, washing away the embankments, which are generally of loose, gravelly soil. The whole available force of the railroad company from Wadsworth east is employed at the washouts. In consequence of the torrents which rush down afternoons the work has to be done principally at night. The latest information from the principal breaks in the road is to the effect that the road will not be open for several days unless the weather gets cooler. Wells Station is flooded every afternoon, and a foot or more of water stands in the round-house there. In the fourteen years in which the road has been in operation, nothing like the present freshets have occurred. At many fills where no culverts had been made in building the road, and where there never was need of them before, there are torrents of water late in the day, which in the morning could be crossed dry-shod by a lady in slippers. This is one of the peculiarities of Nevada streams this season.

### Eastern.

Palmer, the embezzling City Auditor of Newark (N. J.), has been sentenced to twenty years imprisonment in the State prison.

Figures indicate that the construction of railroads in this country during 1881 was larger than during any other year on record, there having been built 8,242 miles of track.

The fearful fact was stated at a meeting in Philadelphia recently, on the subject of "Neglected Children," that 700 children die in that city each year of neglect, starvation and abuse, and of the children taken to the almshouse, or born there, about 95 per cent. die.

General Israel Putnam's grave at Brooklyn, Conn., bears evidence of both neglect and vandalism. A small marble stone, with an inscription by President Dwight, of Yale College, formerly marked the Revolutionary patriot's resting-place; but this has crumbled to pieces and is hidden by weeds.

A new map of Boston has a certain open space designated as 'Haymarket Square.' A printer would readily see how the error occurred. The square was marked on the original map 'Haymarket,' but in printing, it was changed to 'Hay Market.' In correcting the proof, the reader marked it 'Put small m,' and the printer followed his copy literally.

WASHINGTON, April 3d.—There is much felicitation over the March reduction of the public debt, which is the largest, with one exception, of any year. The total reduction since 1865 is \$1,000,000,000. The total remaining is \$1,500,000,000. The interest in 1865 was \$150,000,000 per year. It is now \$60,000,000.

It is a healthful sign that prominent members of the Chicago Board of Trade propose to expel any officer or director who refuses to discourage the making of "corners" by its members.

The Washington Y. M. C. A. have purchased a well-known club-house in that city, for \$32,000, which, when remodeled, will furnish them attractive headquarters.

It is said that Senator Teller of Colorado will be Secretary of the Interior, and General Beale Secretary of the Navy.

There are eighty pupils in the Chinese Sunday-school of Mt. Vernon Church, Boston.

Georgia has 48 counties in which the sale of liquor is prohibited.

Cornelius J. Vanderbilt killed himself last Sunday.

### Foreign.

India must have 4,000 missionaries, to give one Christian teacher to 50,000 heathens.

The sum of \$5,000 has been raised in this country for a Memorial Window in Westminster Abbey to the late Dean Stanley.

In 1853 there were 361 native Christians in China; in 1863 there were 1,974; in 1868, 5,743; and in 1881 they numbered 19,660.

Rev. M. D. Kalopothakes, of Athens, has translated and published Dr. A. A. Hodge's "Outlines of Theology" in modern Greek.

CAIRO, March 30th.—Owing to the intrigues to restore the ex-Khedive, the Ministers of War and Public Instructions are taking precautions for their personal safety.

There are 37,274 newspapers and periodicals published in the world, with an aggregate circulation of 116,000,000 copies. North America has two-thirds as many as the whole of Europe.

Dr. William Chambers, the proprietor of *Chambers' Journal*, which has just celebrated its fiftieth birthday, is restoring the venerable cathedral of St. Giles, Edinburgh, at his own cost.

The Minister for Trade in Austria has ordered that the postal service on Sundays shall be limited, and several others of the Cabinet have decided to lessen public work on that day.

LONDON, March 30th.—Justices Grove and Huddleston gave a judgment against Bradlaugh, which is destined to force Bradlaugh into bankruptcy so as to vacate his seat in the Commons.

The *Morning Star* returned to Honolulu about March 1st, in a leaky condition, not having finished her work in Micronesia. All the stations occupied by the American Mission had been visited. The *Morning Star* will be repaired and ready to make her usual trip, leaving Honolulu about June 1st.

MADRID, March 30th.—The Catalan operatives informed a committee that it the Chamber of Deputies adopted the Franco-Spanish treaty it would deprive a hundred thousand workmen of the means of subsistence. Shops and manufacturing are closing in Gerona, Sabadell and Tarrasa. A state of siege is threatened in Catalonia if the agitation continues.

Matthew Arnold's strong individuality and marked features will be shown in the frontispiece of *The Century* for April. A biographical and critical sketch of the poet and critic is contributed by Mr. Andrew Lang.

### PRICES CURRENT.

FINANCIAL.  
Silver, \$1.14 per oz., 1000 fine; silver, 925 fine, 52 1-14 per oz.  
COMMERCIAL.  
FLOUR—Best brands of City Extra, \$5.25 Super., \$4.00 to 4.50; Interior Extra, \$4.25 to 4.75; Interior Superfine \$3.75 to 4.25.  
WHEAT—No. 1, 1.50 to 1.65 per cwt.  
BARLEY—Feed, \$1.50; Chevalier, \$1.37 1/2 for choice bay; brewing, \$1.70 to 1.75 per cwt.  
RYE—\$2.00 per cwt.  
OATS—No. 1, \$1.67 1/2; No. 2, \$1.64  
FEED—Bran, \$13.70; ground barley, \$33 to \$35; middlings, \$18; oil cake, \$27.50 per ton.  
HOPS—23 to 25c for good.  
CALIFORNIA ONIONS—Silverskins, 40c. to 75c. per cwt.  
POTATOES—\$1.50 to 2.12 1/2 in sacks.  
FRUIT—Lemons, \$2.00 to 3.50 per box for Cal.; Apples, \$1.75 to 3.00 per box; Cal. Oranges, \$3.25 to 4.25 per box.  
VEGETABLES—Cabbage, \$1.00 per cwt.; Cauliflower, 50 to 60c per doz.; Turnips, 75c per cwt.; Squash, Marrowfat, good, \$18.00 to 20.00 per ton.  
HAY—\$10 to 15 for all grades. Straw 65 to 70 per bale.  
WOOL—San Joaquin, fair, 10 to 13c.  
BUTTER—Good to choice, 24 to 26c.  
CHEESE—Cal. 16 to 17c.  
EGGS—Fresh laid, 20 to 21c per doz for Cal.  
HONEY—Comb, 14 to 18c; Strained, 9c. 10c for white.  
BEEF—First quality, 7 1/2 to 8c; inferior, 5 1/2 to 5 3/4c per lb.  
SPRINKLING LIME—8 to 12 1/2c per lb.  
MUTTON—Wethers, 6 1/2 to 7c; Ewes, 5 1/2 to 6c per lb.

The Bible and Colportage Society of Ireland is carrying on its useful work notwithstanding the distracted state of the country and the lawlessness prevailing in many parts. Its colporteurs have not been annoyed while circulating their good books and reading the scriptures from house to house. During the past twenty years it has sold about fifteen millions of Bibles and good books, for which they have received over \$575,000.

### Publishers' Department.

Entered at the postoffice at San Francisco as second-class matter.

THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.—The statement of the New York Life Insurance Co., which we publish this week, shows a most prosperous condition of its affairs. Year by year, this solid and conservative old Company makes its annual reports, and each one shows steady growth. The New York Life is a non-litigious company, having never contested a death-loss in California in over twenty-one years' business. We do not hazard anything when we say that for safety and reliability it cannot be surpassed by any of those institutions whose province it is to provide for the widow and orphans.

COMPOUND OXYGEN TREATMENT.—We take pleasure in commending to the careful attention of our readers the "Compound Oxygen Treatment." This treatment is becoming very popular as a curative agent, for all diseases of the lungs and other respiratory organs, consisting principally in oxygen inhalation. Dyspepsia, diseases of the liver, and nervous derangements are also cured by this wonderful agent. A New England physician discovered this great remedy for disease after an almost fatal attack of pneumonia, the result of which did not leave him for months. The dispensers of this treatment have some of the very best testimonials as to its efficacy from those who have used it. Among those who testify to its curative powers are such men as T. S. Arthur, the distinguished author and proprietor of the *Home Magazine*, and Hon. William D. Kelley, member of Congress from Philadelphia. The testimony that comes from persons all over the land who have been cured of diseases that were pronounced hopeless, in many instances can be characterized as nothing less than marvelous. It is a source of gratification to be able to recommend a really valuable remedial agent, especially in that terrible disease, pulmonary consumption. Drs. Starkey & Palen are regularly educated physicians, and had much experience and successful practice before adopting this treatment as a specialty. We call attention to their advertisement in another column.

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This wine is guaranteed to be absolutely pure, containing nothing but the pure juice of the grape, and is entirely free from alcohol. Sample and price list sent on receipt of three three-cent postage stamps. Address WILLIAM TAYNTON, Clayton, Contra Costa Co., Cal.

CANNED GOODS AS AN ARTICLE OF DIET.—Canned Fruits and Vegetables, such as those prepared by King, Morse & Co., have not only become necessities in modern house-keeping, but their use has shown that some varieties are even better for food than fresh articles. Apricots, Bartlett Pears, Cherries and Tomatoes are much better when properly canned than in their natural state, while when the other varieties cannot be obtained in the market, the Canned Fruits are an excellent substitute. Apricots in being canned lose none of their flavor, while the process of preparation makes them uniformly palatable. The sense of fullness one experiences in eating a ripe pear is modified in partaking of the canned article, and the appetite is agreeably stimulated. The tendency in ripe cherries to distress the stomach is entirely obviated in the process of canning and canned cherries can be partaken of freely with no unpleasant results. The rank taste of the raw tomato which is distasteful to some, is removed in canning that vegetable, which thus becomes the most delicious and wholesome of all vegetables. Every housekeeper knows the brand of King, Morse & Co.



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BARLOW'S INDIGO BLUE! Quality and Quantity Always Uniform. For sale by Grocers. D. S. WILKINSON, Proprietor, 23 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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### AGENCIES IN ALL

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FINANCIAL STATEMENT

JANUARY 1, 1882,

ASSETS,

\$4,072,575.03.

CASH CAPITAL, - - - - - \$1,250,000.00  
All Outstanding Claims, - - - - - 162,599.08  
Reserve for Re-Insurance, - - - - - 1,327,112.18  
Policy-Holders' Surplus, - - - - - 2,582,863.77  
SURPLUS OVER ALL - - - - - 1,332,863.77

It has become a necessity that Fire Insurance Corporations should be possessed of ample means, that when numbers of their policies are forced to payment, the response may be immediate.

It becomes every property-owner to see to it that his policies are with responsible companies. The man who has once held failed promises may not again be deceived, and he who has not should be careful how he pays his premium, and at the same time virtually carries his own insurance.

A policy in the HARTFORD FIRE is as good as a gold bond. For nearly a century, in all respects, the company has stood, as now, among the care-abiding, honest institutions of the country, and has always been, as now, among the largest, most influential, and most famous. Its agents are resident in all cities, towns and hamlets.

It Pays to Insure, especially with "THE HARTFORD."

The rain poured down for the hour for the Tabernacle, still "O, that I had sung by last Morning" by the are beautiful at Maj. Whittle's day, was "The Our hope beyond passing away at but we have the resurrection. That fact, indeed, More than 1800 flung out the before the world himself alive at infallible proofs of his death are was pierced; the many of the cent there should be death. Joseph odemus took it cross. His own charge of it. The had fled. This, Jerusalem year 79 A. D. been written and time. If these not taken charge the falsehood of In Matt. xxviii: tomb was sealed The tomb was of a cliff, and the opening and break, the puni was wonderful- pearance of the entered it; the head "wrapped itself," John's pearance of has been stolen and rising from his

WHOLE Maj. Whittle

Proofs of the early on that in The testimon came early in body. The dis he would arise the wonderful and John hista empty. Then our poor backslide ciples to whom Peter. What store such a dence and is your Saviour day. Then he me to Emmaus, They had no in stand the propo terly discourag explained the their hearts b knew him, and sight. Again the disciples, a you." He a were glad whe an apparition, ing flesh and b eleven were to himself; Thom give peculiar t would not belie the testimony not take. If like Thomas, t was convinced. "Reach hither hands, and re thrust into Thomas loved evidence he b my God." Jesus said: hast seen me, are they that have believed bodily eyes ha but I believe word. Thomas was the Jewish nat until Jesus con son; God is here and there believe until the earth. "They they have pie for him as o son" (Zech. 3 Then our 500 brethren a er part rema Cor. xv: 6). V were educated gent, keen Jew in his letter t this statement, half of the w If this was a Corinthians ha Then there midst of his di parition which heaven; he at out as far a all about his as he went u blessed them, and loves us t